MEN MARRIAGE and ME

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

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TO MY GREAT FRIEND

WALTER WINCHELL

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MEN, MARRIAGE AND ME

CHAPTER ONE

I Run Away From Home

Saturday. It is really Sunday but my life really began yesterday when I met Mr. Huertin, and when a person runs Away From Home she really hasn't the time to begin a Diary.

So now I am on a train going Sixty Miles an Hour toward my Future.

I am curious about my Future but Mr. Huertin says, let Other People be curious about your future when you have made it your Past.

Mr. Huertin is very clever, he is a fatalist. He is not very handsome but he is charming although he is old, at least 35, but he is one of the World's Greatest Cyclists and he is going to be a Father to me.

As this is my Diary and I am going to tell everything in it I guess I should start at the Beginning. Well, Nancy and Edie and me were in the lobby

of the Lorraine which is the best hotel in Norfolk and in came Mr. Heurtin and he kidded us and he said, I am just looking for a girl for my act, which one of you will come?

Nancy and Edie just kidded him along and he told them he was on the bill at the Colonial and said if they would come he would put on an extra-special Act for them, but he didn't hardly notice me or he Pretended not to. And I didn't say anything because I didn't want Nancy or Edie to know what I was thinking, but *right then* I knew, here was my chance to be an Actress.

I have always known my Future was to be on the stage but I am determined I will be a Great Star or nothing. So I didn't say anything but I went to see Mr. Heurtin before the Theatre opened and he said yes, he really was sereous about needing a girl, and I was just the type because I was so pretty, but I would have to have a letter from my parents giving me Permission.

So I lied and said my parents were Dead. I suppose that was terribly bad of me to say but I couldn't think of anything else so I told him I would ask my Aunt who was keeping me and then I got Nora to write me a letter pretending she was my Aunt and saying that she would not stand in

my Way if I wanted to be Famous, and I took it to Mr. Huertin and he said, All right go and see the Act from in front and he gave me a ticket, and then he said come back and see me afterward and tell me what you think of it.

So I went and the Act was marvelous, Mr. Huertin rides a Bycycle up and down a ladder and turns somersalts with it and takes off his front wheel while riding and does a lot of other marvelous tricks.

I think he is wonderful and I went back to his dressing room and told him I thought he was wonderful, and he said, do you still want to come with me, I will teach you to ride like I do, and I said, Yes, so he said, Well then, meet me at the station tomorrow at 8:30 a.m. and I will have the tickets. You may be a great Actress some day and you will remember it was Jack Heurtin who made you.

So I went home and just put some things, toothbrush and paste, chimise, nightdress into my satchell that I used for school & Mother said, What are you going so early for, this is the first time I have seen you start to school too early, and I said I had some extra work to do & could I have a Dollar to buy some books and she gave me Fifty cents.

So I went to the station and Mr. Heurtin was

there and now I am on the train traveling away from my Dull and Dreary Past to my Glorious Future.

I know I shall be a Great Actress one of these days and Mr. Heurtin says he thinks so to because I am so pretty, but he says I must work hard and learn some Tricks.

On second thoughts I don't think I shall write everything in this Diary because there are so many things a girl wants to forget, but I am going to write nearly everything and no Living Soul will ever see what I write, not even Mr. Huertin because I shall probly say lots of things that I only want myself to know But I will tell the truth.

O my Diary I wonder what wonderfull things are going to be written in your Virgin pages? Because I am not going to have a Dull & Dreary life, I am going to have a thrilling and exciting life full of Ginger and Glory.

Tuesday. We are in the State of Kansas and we have been in Chicago. I think traveling is grand.

Mr. Huertin took me riding on the elevated and it was wonderfull to me to see this big tremendous city with so many people doing so many things.

Lots of men looked at me and one young man spoke to me while Mr. Huertin was in a Barber Shop and said, You are from the south aren't you, I am from the south too. And he was nice but when Mr. Heurtin came out and I told him he said, I am not surprised the boys want to talk to you because you are so pretty but you must be demure, never forget that you must be Demure.

So I have been Demure ever since and I only said Thank you to the news butcher when he came over to me and gave me an orange.

Mr. Heurtin has given me some chocolates too. He is wonderful to me. He says we are going to open in Salt Lake City and work eastward.

He is very curious about what I am writing and said, Why don't you write home, Your Aunt must be anxious about you, so I said I would write a postcard and pretended to but I did not post it, only pretended to.

I told Mr. Heurtin this is my Diary and he said, Lets look at it but I refused and said, No man will ever see my Diary except my Husband, and he pretended to be surprised and said I didn't know you had a Husband, and I said, I haven't got a husband now but I suppose I will have one some day if he will promise not to make me give up my Career.

And Mr. Heurtin said, Yes, I suppose when I have got you trained and good in the Act you will go off and marry some Guy, so I promised I would not think of marrying for years and years. As a matter of fact I shall never marry as all men do is deceive their wives.

It is all write to have a swetheart who is sweet to you & gives you candy and things but a husband ties you down. Most husbands I know don't make love to there wives they only boss them.

Anyway if I marry he will have to be my Ideal. When Mr. Heurtin was in the smoker the news butcher said, Gee you are the prettiest kid I seen since I been in the business, you ought to be in the Pullman with some rich Guy.

It was very sweet of him and I told him Mr. Heurtin says we will ride in Pullmans soon if the Act goes over big. And the news butcher who has blue eyes and is really very good-looking said, I knew you was an Actress I bet you are a knockout, and I said, Yes, and I did not tell him I had really never acted on the stage, because why?

The news butcher got off in Kansas City and I do not think I shall speak to the new one who does not look so nice because I don't think an Actress

should speak to news butchers after all, it is not dignified.

Wednesday. We are in Colorado now and a fascinating woman with a Diamond Bracelet got on but she went back to the Pullman, I guess she is wealthy.

Colorado is nicer than Kansas, there are mountains and Mr. Heurtin says soon we are going to cross the Rockies and he will show me Pike's Peak.

I asked him if he had seen the woman with the diamond Bracelet and he said, Yes, and I asked what did he think it cost, but Mr. Heurtin says I should not think of diamond Bracelets for a year or too yet but should Concentrate on my Career.

Well I think a person can concentrate on her Career and still think about Diamond Bracelets but I did not tell Mr. Heurtin so because he is so wonderfull to me. He has bought me some more chocolates and says to-morrow we shall be in Salt Lake City and be able to have a bath. A bath will be glorious.

I wonder if the woman bought the Diamond Bracelet herself? But I suppose some man gave it to her. I expect it was her lover.

I would not mind my lover giving me a Diamond Bracelet but he could not buy me, no man will ever Buy me.

Mr. Heurtin asked me what I was writing so I told him I was writing in my Diary that no man will ever Buy me, and he said That's the stuff Kid, your so pretty lots of men will try it but you just tell them they haven't got money enough, your to expensive.

Which I think was awfully sweet, Mr. Huertin is really an awfully nice man and a wonderful Cyclist.

Thursday. We are getting near Salt Lake City and I am nervous because they say the Mormons are awfully Passionate and when they like a young girl they kidnap her and make her marry them, and they all have hundreds of wives. Mr. Heurtin says it is nonsense and that the Mormons aren't poligamists any more but just the same I read it in a book.

I don't think I would like to be the wife of a Bearded Mormon, not if he had other wives and refused to shave.

I must be all in all to a man or nothing, but I suppose if I was very young and pretty the other

wives would do all the work and I would just exist for the Mormon's Pleasure.

I think that when I am older and have lived I shall write a book about a beautiful girl who marries a Mormon and lives for his Pleasure but gets very tired of his beard. Mr. Heurtin says that you must live fully before you can be a great artist. He means an actor, because he calls actors artists. But he says all people who do things like that are artists, painters and actors and writers and dancers. I am sure I am an artist because of the way I feel about going away with Mr. Heurtin and because I am willing to risk my life among perils to go away with him. I will try being an actress and maybe a writer. Perhaps I can be both because many theaters do not open on Sunday. But I shall always be an artist. I can write my books on Sunday.

I must look closely at the Bearded Mormons so I'll know how they look when I write my book.

I suppose a girl could get used to it if the Mormon was rich and liked her best of his wives. But then if I was the bride of a Mormon I would not have a Diamond Bracelet, because the other wives would be jealous and he couldn't buy Diamond Bracelets for all his wives could he?

Friday. I can only write a few lines now because we are opening to-night and I am so excited now I can hardly think so how can I write?

Mr. Heurtin says it is only natural and every Great Actress has been excited and nervous before her first appearance, but he says he is sure the Act will go good because I am so pretty and the Public will like me.

I am not to ride a Bycicle at first not until I have learned some Tricks but I am to wear a little costume with Tights, they are the first Tights I have ever worn and they feel funny just like long underwear but Mr. Heurtin says I look wonderful in them because they show my figure off.

Mr. Heurtin says if any of these Johns come back stage or bother you just give them the ice and let me know and I'll soon send them about their business. Salt Lake City is Grand, it is a large City with very wide streets all numbered E. & W. & S. and N. and it is very confusing because our hotel is on West Second Street North and unless a person has a compass she may walk the other way and land at East Second Street South which is what I did.

But the main Street which they spell Meign is very wide and the buildings are all made of stone and are very handsome. There is a temple that the

Mormons built, it took them 200 years and Mr. Heurtin says it is not finished yet, gee I bet we could do it faster then that, in Virginia.

Dear Old Virginia I think of you often all these thousands of miles away from you and I will come back some day when I am Famous, won't the girls be envious.

I have sent a picture postcard to mother but I said I was on my way to San Francisco with a show so they will never think of looking for me in Denver where we go next Thursday night.

Wednesday. I have not written in my Diary because I have been ill with a toothache and I have had Trouble.

Mr. Heurtin took me to a bathing Beach called Saltair near here, it is in the Great Salt Lake and you cannot sink in the water because it is so salt, I did not believe this at first but it is quite true.

So I jumped in where it said 4 feet and I am 5 Ft. 3 inches but my feet would not go down and I kept turning around and around and swollowing water until Mr. Heurtin pulled me out.

The water was terribly full of salt and on the funny looking train going back that was an open

air train all the way to Salt Lake my toothe began to ache and I was miserable.

Mr. Heurtin said I must see a Dentist and he pulled out a tooth and Mr. Heurtin paid him I dollar then the dentist said, if it hurts just take a drinck of hot salt water and hold it on the tooth, I could have killed him I was so mad.

So that night I said I could not come to the Theatre and Mr. Heurtin was very annoyed and said, if you are going to be a Very Great Actress you must never miss a show, not even if your heart is breaking.

This was a great surprise because I had thought all along that Mr. Heurtin was a very kind man and that he understood me but when I was really in trouble he didn't understand about a tooth even. I begin to fear that men will be a disappointment to me.

Anyway I was to sick to go to the Theatre and I went to bed & Mr. H. went out and did the act alone. When Mr. Heurtin came back he woke me up and said, The act went great I guess I don't need a girl who stays away just because she has a tooth-ache, I will send you home.

So I said all right I will go home I hate you and

I cried all night, but this morning Mr. Heurtin was kind and he said he didn't mean it he was just mad.

That made me feel a little sorry I had had such mean thoughts about him but I think he deserved them. A girl can't be to soft about those things if she wants to be respected.

We have had a success here, the newspapers have written us up, the Desert News which is the Mormon Paper said, Jack Heurtin and a winsome little Blonde girl thrilled the audience with a combination of Beauty and Talent.

So I said, Why don't you put my name on the Program so the critics will know who I am, and Mr. Heurtin laughed and said, Gee Kid you sure are learning fast, we wil put your name down when you know a few Tricks.

He is teaching me how to stand still on a wheel it is the first thing you learn but it is very difficult.

I saw two men on Meign Street this morning with Beards I am sure they were Mormons, but they did not see me because I crossed the street and the street is so wide.

But I was not threw watching them when I had crossed the street. I walked slowly to the corner and stood around it a little so that it looked like I was looking in a store window but I was really

watching them. It is necessary to know Life to be a great artist and besides I must learn as much as I can about Bearded Mormons in case I want to write a book about them on Sunday when the theatres are closed.

I wonder how many wives they got.

I wonder if their beards are unpleasant for their wives.

I would like to know more about them and their wives. I would like to know more about love.

CHAPTER TWO

I Become a Wife—For Two Days

Friday. I have met a man who is to goodlooking for words, he is very tall more then six feet and has thick wavy hair and he is awfully well-dressed. He is not a Mormon and any way we are not in Salt Lake City any more but on the train going to Denver.

I had a lower berth in the Pullman, Pullmans are so wonderful and restfull and I saw Mr. Archer on the observation Platform.

The views are wonderful, all mountains, and I kind of wanted him to talk to me because the scenery made a person breathless & sort of alone and anyway he was like the scenery, big and handsome.

So I said, Colorado is wonderfull isn't it and he looked at me and smiled and he has wonderful teeth and he said, Yes, it's my home state, I live in Denver, my name is Everett Archer what's yours?

So I told him and he bought some sasparilla and then he told me he would rather look at me than the scenery because I was so pretty and anyway he was used to the scenery because he had been born in it.

I think Mr. Archer is grand, he is one of these Big Rugged strong men and he is very Rich because his father is the Borax King of America and owns all the Borax Mines which is the mineral they put in washing soap.

Mr. Heurtin met Mr. Archer and likes him and he makes fun of us and says, Well, how is your great big man from the wide open spaces, has he bought you a Diamond Bracelet yet?

Which of course is silly because they do not sell diamond bracelets on trains and anyway I would not accept such an expensive gift from a man unless he was my husband.

I think Mr. Archer would be a wonderful husband but of course I would not marry him even if he did give me a Diamond Bracelet because I have my Carreer to think of.

I wonder what it would feel like to fall in love with Mr. Archer, he says call me Everett, but I told him I could not be so familiar because I really have

not known him long enough, only since 9 a.m. this morning.

Saturday. I have married Everett Archer and my name is no longer Miss Margaret Upton it is Mrs. Everett Archer, wife of the Borax King's son, and I am so excited.

Just as we were getting off the train at Denver Everett said, Peggy Darling I love you I fell in love with you at first sight, I want you to marry me.

Of Course I replied, Why Mr. Archer don't be silly I have only known you since this morning. So he said What difference does it make how long you have known me when we love each other? Which of course was perfectly true, but I said, I will have to ask Mr. Heurtin. But Everett said, Why do you have to ask him, he isn't your father is he, and besides he might say No? So I did not ask Mr. Heurtin but we went to the Court House or the City Hall and we were married.

It is exciting being married but I am scared at this big house and Everett's parents who shook hands and pretended to smile and they said, you will want to dine in your room because you must

be tired, because I suppose they wanted to talk over the marriage and decide what is to be done.

So I am sitting in this big room which is Everett's and even has it's own bath.

I feel very frightened and scared and excited.

I am a little worried for fear I did wrong by not asking Mr. Huertin. He has been kind to me except the night I had the toothache.

I hope Everett will be kind to me, I could not bear it if he was not kind.

He is going to buy me an engagement ring and also a wedding ring to-morrow at the best jewelers in Denver, isn't that wonderful?

Tuesday. My heart is broken. It is all over. Oh God God God why wasn't I told marriage was like this?

My heart is broken I am bruised and sick and I hope I shall die soon so I shall never have to remember these three terrible days.

I hate *hate* Everett Archer.

My life is ruined.

I hate men, hate them, hate them, they are nothing but animals.

After all I am only fifteen and nobody told me it would be like this.

Love is not beautiful and romantic it is horrible and disgusting.

Everett Archer has been to the Theatre where I have gone back to Mr. Heurtin and he has pleaded with me to forgive him because he says he loves me and he says, I can't understand you, you are my wife aren't you and I love you don't I, why won't you come back, I will be good to you.

But I said I hate you, hate you, and I never want to see you again.

You have made me hate love I told him.

Mr. Heurtin is very scared, I have confessed & said I have my mother and Grandmother at home and he has cancelled all his dates and is taking me to-morrow back to Norfolk.

He says if he doesn't he may be arrested and that makes me even more miserable because Mr. Heurtin has been like a father to me, so kind and good, I don't want him to get into trouble.

Wednesday. I have said good-bye to Everett, he was quite nice and kind but I was crying and shaking so hard I could hardly speak.

He said, dear, that is an experience every wife has to go through, you are just young that is all and when you think it over you will know that I love you and you will come back to me.

We are going to Norfolk. Mr. Heurtin is very kind but he does not say much and makes me lie down all the time, he has bought a Pullman which I think is wonderful for him to do & he has bought me some chocolates, but I cannot eat them I am to sick I wish I could die.

Mother will kill me.

I am through with men for ever.

CHAPTER THREE

My Marriage Annulled, and I Go Back to School

Certain experiences in a young girl's life cannot be written even in a diary, "Just for myself", so Miss Joyce's does not go into details of the event or events which brought about her abrupt decision to leave her husband after only two days of marriage and return home. When next she writes she is convalescing from a nervous breakdown at her home in Norfolk.

Monday. It is a long time since I have written in this diary, quite two weeks, but I have been to tired and sick to write.

The Doctor has been here and given me a book of Poetry by Longfellow and says if I read them they will be better than a tonic, but what did Longfellow know of the way a girl feels when her life is ruined?

Trust no future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

It is all right for a poet to write that but when a girl has a present like mine she must put faith in her future because it is the only thing she has. But I like it where he says,

Thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong,

Because I know that I am stronger now that I have suffered, Experience has taught me what life really is and what men are, and has strengthened me to resist them.

Well Mr. Heurtin brought me back and came straight home with me and would not let me say a word but told everything to Mother and Granny and Granny was furious but I told her how wonderful Mr. Huertin had been to me & how he had bought me the chocolates and a Pullman and never been disrespectful in the slightest, so finally she shook hands with him and thanked him and Mr. Heurtin went away after shaking my hands and wishing me lots of luck.

Mother cried and put me to bed and really mother

and granny have been wonderful considering I ran away from home and got married and was an Actress, and they have not said anything to me about Mr. Archer except Mother asked me if I loved him and I said No.

Sunday. Mr. Archer came to see me but they would not allow me to see him because I was too ill and the marriage is to be annulled.

Sunday. I am to go to a girl's school in Washington where nobody will know me and I can live my past down, which I think it wonderful of Mother and Grannie because they are not rich and it must cost them a lot and soon I will be unmarried although I shall never forget my terrible experience as a married woman, it certainly does sound funny to me to call myself a married woman.

Mother says I am not to tell a living soul about my experience, they would not let me stay in school if I did.

I feel like an old woman of Thirty, full of disilusion and despair.

Every time I see a man on the street I shudder

& despair and remember my terrible experience with Mr. Archer, my husband. I am through with all men for I know what they are.

I shall never speak to one again. Oh, why is life like this?

CHAPTER FOUR

I Meet a Handsome Millionaire

At this point there ensues a gap in Miss Joyce's diary which extends over a period of two months, during which she left her parent's home at Norfolk to board and be tutored at Washington. The authorities of this school were naturally ignorant that their new pupil, this young girl not yet sixteen, had already passed through what is, for a woman, life's greatest experience. It is to be noted that the school Peggy attended was then, as now, one of the most important and select girl's schools in the United States, so that although they were in comparatively humble circumstances, the Uptons (there was an Upton on the staff of the second Governor of Virginia) seemingly were possessed of influential friends.

Note also the influence her experience and her two months' schooling have had on the young girl's writing. Through the inconsequential phraseology of the child we begin to discern the tremulous, uncertain, at times chaotic, reasoning of adolescence.

Tuesday. I have not written much in my book of late because I am trying to understand myself. When a girl is alone she finds out more about herself than when she is with people, because when a girl is with people or even her parents she is not really Herself anyhow. She is trying to make an impression.

Of course I am not really alone here because there are hundreds of girls, but I do not like any of them and they do not like me, so most of the time I have nothing to do except think.

I think of Mother and Granny a good deal of course, and also Mr. Huertin. I wonder where Mr. Huertin is now, I guess he has another girl with him. Of course I cannot really forget him but I can pretend to which is nearly as good.

But mostly I think about myself and it makes me very worried and scared sometimes because I am a woman now and my future seems dark, like a fog.

Nobody knows a girl except herself but her Parents always think they do and a girl believes them sometimes until she goes away and thinks about Things for herself and finds out the truth.

Mother thinks I am wild but I am not really I

only liked to enjoy myself. And I cannot enjoy myself here so I am the quietest girl in the school.

The other girls are hateful to me because I have not nice things to wear like them. Betty Hyte who comes from Charleston called me Miss Yokel the other day & they laughed and I was very unhappy and real mad but I did not let them see.

And then I can laugh at them because they have no Great experience in their lives like me. If they knew wouldn't they just open their eyes. Sometimes I feel like telling all but I know I cannot do that because of my Parents.

Poor mother she is so scared about me, I wonder what she is thinking about me now? I never felt so close to her before, she has been an angel. I wish she would not worry.

I wish I had a little money and some nice clothes but mother will not buy me any dresses because they cost so much so she makes them all herself and they are not really like store clothes, I mean you can see they are home made.

The girls laugh at me among themselves and sometimes I care terribly, but other times I do not care at all because I have my secret. Poor kids they have no secrets in their lives.

Nancy Morrow has at least a dozen silk chemises, it is wonderful to be rich.

I would do anything for a real silk chemise. That sounds terrible but really a silk chemise means a *lot*. I have never had a really nice frock in my life.

I wonder if Everett thinks about me? Of course he doesn't know where I am. Sometimes I am so lonely and sad I feel like writing to him. I hate him but I would rather be his wife than be in this school.

What can they teach me here when I know all about life already?

Saturday. Mother says she is sending me some new clothes. I bet they are Middy blouses.

Several minor entries in her Diary show that Peggy continued to be lonely and friendless throughout her period at the finishing school. She made no intimates, was not remarkable in her studies ("What can they teach me when I know all about life already?"), and seems to have been consistently unhappy. Six months after her enrollment in the school, however, an event occurred which was to change her entire life. At a Junior Prom she met Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins, distinguished son of one of America's most famous international lawyers.

Friday. There is a big dance to-night and I am supposed to go because all the girls are going, but Mother has only sent me what she calls a "party dress" and all the other girls are going to be in Evening Gowns.

I wish I had an Evening Gown. I am a woman now and really to old for party dresses. This one is pretty but it is all flounces and a high waist and of course all the girls are wearing the latest styles.

Judy—she is the only nice girl in my room—offered me a lovely black satin gown but I only thanked her and said, I am afraid it would not suit me. But I loved it and wish I could wear it, it was rather sweet of Judy, but how could I accept?

I am not really proud but I hate to feel like a poor relation.

Judy has a brother in the French Army, she has his picture in an awfully smart Uniform on the table and I thinks she likes me because I said he was good-looking, besides I might meet him some day and then he would know I had to borrow Judy's Evening Gown and I wouldn't like that.

Gee I wish I had a brother in the War. I would not care if he was with the Germans even if he was good-looking and had a smart Uniform. But I

have not got a brother & anyway if I had I don't suppose he would be in the War.

Only Rich boys can go to War, the Steamer fare is so expensive.

All the girls are wearing black & White because that is the color they are wearing in Paris. Gee I wish I could go to Paris, but then I suppose Mother would want to come with me and I would not like to take my mother to Paris.

My Party Dress is blue. It is really a very pretty frock but it is only a party dress and anyway I wish it was black and White.

Later. It is nearly midnight and I have had the most wonderful experience, I have met a Millionaire and I am going to lunch with him to-morrow!

He is tall and blonde and has blue eyes like mine but he is not a bit like Everett.

I was very lonely and miserable at first at the dance because none of the boys I liked asked me to dance, and I was going to go home when up walked the handsomest man I had ever seen in my life and said, Will you dance this one with me? My name is Hopkins. You are Miss Upton, aren't you?

I said that was my name and asked him how

he knew and he said, Trust me to find out the name of the prettiest girl in the hall.

So I said, You are only kidding. But he said, No, I saw you as soon as I came in and I asked everybody your name until I found it. What is your first name?

I said my first name was Margaret but they call me Peggy and he said his name was Sherburne only everyone called him Sherby.

Well we danced loads and loads of times and I was divinely happy especially when I noticed all the other girls looking at us jealously. He hardly even looked at another girl and then all of a sudden he said, I am going to call you Babs. You are the most wonderful little girl I have ever met and I want you to lunch with me to-morrow, Will you?

So I said I would and I am to meet him in the Willard lobby at 11 a.m. because he says he wants to talk to me before we lunch. I am so happy I could cry.

Sherby hardly ever looked at my party dress he was looking at my eyes all the time. He is so wonderful. I have a funny feeling everytime I think of him, which is constantly.

Must go to bed now. Will ask permission to go out to-morrow morning to buy some things, they

will let me go I think and anyhow if they don't I will go anyway.

I am crazy about Sherby but I do not think I love him yet—only feel as if I was going to love him soon.

CHAPTER FIVE

I Marry Sherburne P. Hopkins

Peggy was too busy to write in her Diary for a week. But a great deal happened to her in that week!

Baltimore, Saturday. Tremendous things have happened Diary, since I wrote about the Prom. dance.

The trouble about a Diary is, you forget to write things down as they happen and afterward you cannot remember them properly, especially if exciting things are happening all the time.

Well, I will try to tell all, but first I must set things down as they happened.

First, I have married Sherby. No, that's not first, because I have to remember about meeting him and him buying me all those things—but I will tell about that in a minute. The most important thing is that *I married Sherby!* I am Mrs. Sherburne Phil-

brick Hopkins, wife of one of the Richest men in Washington.

Second, I have left school forever.

Third, *I have told Sherby all! Before* we married.

Fourth, His mother knows all about me and has been perfectly *sweet*. I haven't met her yet but she must be a wonderful woman. Sherby says she is the most wonderful woman in the world except me.

Fifth, We are on our honeymoon.

Isn't it *marvelous?*

I am so tremendously happy that I cannot think very clearly but I am going to try and write it all down. Of course it is only for myself that I am writing, because when I am an old woman and a grandmother I want to remember how *happy* I am now.

Well I met Sherby in the Willard and he looked ever so distinguished although so young, nearly as wonderful as he looked in his Evening Dress.

He wears his clothes so *beautifully*. They are *made in London!* Think of that—little Peggy having a husband whose suits are made in London!

What do you think? We had hardly met and shaken hands before Sherby took me over to two seats in the corner & took my hand and held it. He was all trembly and he said:

Babs, I want you to be my wife, will you?

He didn't say he loved me but I knew it because why should he ask me to be his wife if he didn't love me?

So I said, I haven't any clothes.

That was silly but honest I couldn't think of anything else to say and besides it was true that I didn't have any clothes and I didn't want him to be ashamed of me.

If that is all he said we can fix that right away.

So we went to Woodward and Lothrop's which is the smartest and most *exclusive* shop in Washington. I had never even been *inside.*

And Sherby said to the manager, This young lady is my fiancé and she has lost all her baggage, I want you to see that she gets everything she needs.

The manager was very courtious and went around with us personally.

First we bought shoes—*six pairs!* I had never had more than two pairs in my whole *life.*

Then we went to the Gown department and we bought two morning dresses, three tea frocks and three Evening gowns! I could hardly believe it and to think that just the day before I had been wishing for *one* Evening Gown!

Finally Sherby whispered to the Manager and he nodded and said, Yes Sir, about half a dozen sets, Sir? And Sherby nodded, and we went to another department and I chose simply piles and *piles* of the most wonderful lingerie. *Everything was silk.*

I thought I was dreaming, but Sherby said, Wait, we are not finished yet, you must have some bags.

So we got a wardrobe trunk, just the sweetest one imaginable, with a top that lifts off on a hinge so you can get the dresses out without crinkling them. And we bought a valise and a beautiful toilet case with *silver* brushes.

I could hardly say a word I was so breathless.

Sherby wrote a check and said, Pack these things and have them ready at 2 P.M. because we are going away and will call for them.

Then we went back to the Willard and Sherby ordered a wonderful lunch and *champagne!* But I was so excited I could not eat. I could hardly wait for the beautiful things I was going to have to wear. I have never tasted champagne before, it was glorious.

I had two glasses and Sherby laughed and said, it will go to your head.

But how could champagne go to my head after

all that had happened? I said, I am intoxicated but not because of the champagne.

I love you darling, he said, and we are going straight away to Maryland and be married, I have told my mother and we are going to live with her after we are married. You will love my mother and she will love you.

If Sherby's mother is like him I know I will love her very much because Sherby is *wonderful.*

After lunch we went out and Sherby pointed and said, There's our car. And it was the most *wonderful and Magnificant* Packard with a negro chauffer, and Sherby said to him, Sam, this is Miss Upton, my fiancee, we are going to Maryland and be married.

And the chauffer touched his cap and smiled. He was a very good chauffer and he is still with us. Sherby says he has worked for the family for ages.

We packed up my bags at the store and the chauffer strapped them on behind and Sherby said, drive out by Perryville, we can take in the races.

I had never seen horse races but I really didn't care much about seeing them and said, Why can't we be married first?

There is plenty of time said Sherby, and you will like the races.

But we only saw one race and Sherby saw I was

feeling tired. He said it was probably the champagne and the sun and told the chauffer to drive us to Belaire, which is a little village not far from Perryville.

But on the way to Belaire in the car I suddenly thought of Everett and my Experience.

It seems funny that I hadn't thought of that before but I was so happy & excited I had no time to think of anything.

But now when I thought of it it was like a black cloud and I felt terrible and desperate.

Sherby asked me what was the matter and I said it was a headache.

It's the champagne he said, and I felt worse because how could he guess?

I thought I will tell him now, but then I said to myself if I do perhaps he won't love me any more and will refuse to marry me and then I began to think of the lovely things he bought me and after all if I told him he would not let me have them.

Then I felt desperate because I really loved Sherby and wanted to be his wife.

I did not tell him in the car and we stopped at a minister's house and we went in and Sherby had telephoned and the Minister was waiting for us.

I felt terrible and the Preacher patted me on the head and said I mustn't be afraid, it would soon be over. And Sherby took my hand and kissed it and that made it even much harder.

It was the most awful temptation not to say anything but just to let us be married and tell him afterward when nothing could be done, but Sherby was so wonderful and tender I could not make up my mind to do it.

The Preacher took us in his Parlor and it made me think of our Parlor at home and he took up the Prayer Book and said to Sherby, Have you got the ring?

And Sherby took the Diamond ring that he had bought that morning in Washington, and suddenly I *knew* I had to tell him.

Sherby, I said, before we start I must speak to you alone. I have something I want to tell you.

He looked at my face and said, dear, I don't care what it is I don't want to hear it, and I thought to myself here is my chance not to tell him because after we are married I could prove that I wanted to tell him and he wouldn't listen but I looked at him again and couldn't do it and said, You must darling, because I love you.

So we went into the hall and Sherby took my hand but I took it away again and I said,

Sherby, I have been married before.

I was crying and could not look at him at first but when I did I felt scared. He was not looking at me but his face had an expression I shall never forget.

It was a long time, twenty minutes at least, before he said anything. I was sitting on a chair crying & wishing I was dead and so awfully *afraid* of what he was going to say.

The Pastor came out and looked and coughed and then Sherby came over to me quietly and said, Are you divorced?

He looked very tired.

The marriage was annulled, I said. I will tell you everything.

I don't care, he said, I don't want to hear it. You can tell me some other time. I love you and want you and that is all I care About.

Sherby is the kindest, most wonderful man I ever knew. I *love* him!

I have never loved so much. It hurts.

We went to a tiny Road House the first night & we had to produce our marriage certificate because

I looked so young. If that woman only knew I had been married once before!

They only had a single room and it was hot and I was exhausted. Sherby held me in his arms and I fell asleep.

It was certainly different from when I married Mr. Archer.

Then we came here, to this big hotel on the square and we have a suite. We have been here four days and every day I love Sherby more. He is the kindest most considerate man in the whole world. He is so tender and beautiful with me.

I have written to Mother and Granny but have had no reply. I wonder what they will say? But when they know I am so happy and have such a wonderful husband they will be glad.

After all Sherby is a Millionaire and very prominant socially and a girl cannot marry a Millionaire who is prominent socially every day.

CHAPTER SIX

I Become the Belle of Washington

The honeymoon pursues the usual course of honeymoons, and Peggy is either too busy or too happy to write in her diary. A brief entry informs us: "We are going to New York to-day for a few days"; but thereafter there is a blank until the return to Washington, and Peggy does not give her impressions of New York until a year later, when she sees the city under far different circumstances.

For the next three months the few casual entries are concerned with the life in Washington of Mrs. Hopkins, society beauty, who speedily became the reigning belle of the diplomatic colony. She is still only sixteen.

Thursday. I just love Sherby's mother.

When the car drew up at the big house at the corner of Sixteenth and G she was there waiting for us and until Sherby told me I didn't know it was his mother, she was so young and beautiful.

At least, she wasn't really very young—about 56 I should say—but her face has not a wrinkle on it and she is very distinguished looking.

It is easy to see that she is very prominent socially from the way she talks and walks.

I am trying to talk and walk like her.

She was very charming to me but did not say anything I expected she would say, like how is my new daughter, or how do you like your new mother?

She just took my arm and kissed my cheek just once, not a big kiss, and said, Well, you children will be tired and hungry, go right on up to the attick where everything is waiting for you.

Then she said we would not see her again until the next day (this was two days ago) because she was going to play some bridge.

Do you play bridge? she asked me. I said No.

We shall have to teach her, won't we, Sherby?

Sherby told me in New York I would have to learn bridge and Golf and how to ride a horse.

I told him I knew how to ride horseback and he said that was fine but when we went out yesterday morning I found they ride differently here from the way we do in Norfolk, the saddles are small and there are four bridles and a person has to know which to pull, it is quite complicated.

I do not think I shall learn bridge though because you have to learn with three other people and why should a person show three other people she is ignorant? Sherby says he will teach me golf when no one is around.

A girl must not show she is too ignorant, men do not like ignorant girls.

I am not really ignorant I am only young.

(*Apparently written the same day*)

I must write about our home.

Sherby's mother has had the whole top floor furnished for us, she calls it the attick but it is not really an attick, it is a suite of rooms and they have been especially furnished for us while we were on our honeymoon.

The furniture is much better than in Everett's house, it looks older and more distinguished. Sherby says it has been in the Family for hundreds of years, but it does not look old like that, it is all polished and very beautiful.

I have my own bodoir, the walls have green panels and ivory doors and there is a divine toilet table, all ivory and gold, I mean colors, and it looks wonderful with the silver brushes & things Sherby has bought for me.

I have my own private bath even, it is the first time I have had a bath to myself, it is wonderful.

I have not seen Mr. Hopkins senior yet he does not live here.

(*The next entry is three weeks later.*)

Tuesday. I love Washington and some of the people who live here are very atractive.

In Virginia people have jobs but in Washington they have Positions or Posts and none of them do any work.

They have offices I suppose but in the morning you meet them riding and in the afternoon they play tennis and golf and in the evening they are always dancing at the Shoreham or the Willard or one of the Embassies or Legations so I do not know when they go to their offices.

When a girl is not riding or shopping or playing golf or dancing in Washington she is changing her clothes, it is queer how many clothes one has to have in Washington.

I have two riding habits, two tailormades for shopping, some tea dresses and five evening gowns, only I think I shall buy some more evening gowns as really I cannot be seen in the same one twice

in the same week and we go out almost every night somewhere.

Sherby says if it wasnt for the war we could go to Europe, he says that it would be the season there now if they were not fighting, but nobody is going this year because they have no music or dancing in Paris and as Sherby says Why go to Paris if you cannot dance or listen to the music?

I do not understand much about wars but it seems to me very unreasonable of the politicians to have them at this time of the year when everyone wants to go to Paris.

Sherby says he may enlist in the British Army and be an aviator but I do not think he means it and anyway I would not let him go, unless I could be a nurse and nurse him when he is wounded. Only I suppose I would have to nurse a lot of soldiers also and they would be dirty which would not be nice.

It is very Tense here in Washington because of the War and a lot of people who were great friends have become Enemies and will not speak to each other, which makes it very difficult when you are giving a party.

I am going to give a dinner party and Sherby says

I may invite Englishmen and Americans but not south Americans or Germans or Frenchmen, they take the war to serously.

None of the Embassies or Legations that are in the war are giving any receptions now so most of the dinners and dances are held in private homes or hotels except for the Peru and Chili legations, they have a Reception almost every week.

I am going to the next dance at the Chili Embassy and am so thrilled because I suppose it will be full of spies and Adventurers and there may be Trouble.

Miss Joyce did not know she was "writing for publication," so the next entry in her diary unfortunately omits mention of any spies or "trouble." She merely says of it . . .

Friday. Had a wonderful time at Chilean Embassy last night, did not get home until 3 a.m.

Mr. Hopkins Senior was there, he is very Distinguished and has Medals.

There is a very handsome man who is one of the Chief Secretaries, he is a wonderful dancer and very charming, but I cannot spell his name.

Likewise Peggy's first visit to the White House evokes only this comment . . .

Tuesday. Sherby took me to the White House yesterday, we visited the grounds and some of the rooms, but I do not think they are as well furnished as our house and they do not look comfortable.

We did not see President Wilson, he is away in North Carolina with Mr. Tumulty. I would not like to live in the White House because it is so big and cold but the grounds are very attractive.

Sherby says the White House is not very Fashionable any more because President Wilson is not in society.

So I said, I thought the President was always in Society, but Sherby said, No, not President Wilson, he does not like Society and besides at his receptions they only serve lemonade.

Which made me laugh because of course I could realise not even a President could be in Society if he did not serve anything but lemonade.

And of course almost anyone can be President but you must be born in Society or anyway Married to a man who is born in Society before you can be really in Society.

Sherby has bought me a diamond bracelet and he is going to teach me to drive so I can have my own Car.

It will be splendid to have a car of my own, I

always think a girl looks very smart if she is driving with a welldressed man sitting beside her, but not to close.

Sherby says he will buy me an Electric which is what all the smart women have.

Thursday. Sherby has had a cold and is irritable, he asked me today if I still loved him.

Well of course I still love him, I think he is wonderful, but really when a girl is in Society and has so many things to do can she spend all her time in Loving?

Yes but you never tell me you love me any more, said Sherby.

I should think you could tell it just by looking at me, I said.

That is just the trouble said Sherby, I never get a chance to get a good look at you any more, you are always either Coming or Going.

So I said, Well, I do not see any great evidence that you are still loving me.

Why I gave you a diamond bracelet only last week, he said.

You know very well I had no such thing in my mind, I said to Sherby. Besides you forget you prom-

ised me some ear rings that day we were downtown and you forget also that it was not last week you gave me the bracelet it was two weeks ago. And besides that has nothing to do with it, I would love you without any presents and you know it.

So we kissed and Sherby has just brought the ear rings, they are very pretty and are being worn just now by the best people here.

Friday. The First Secretary of the Chilean Embassy says I am the most beautiful woman in Washington.

The First Secretary, whose name I cannot pronounce, says that if I went on the Stage I would be known soon as the Most Beautiful Woman in the World, but of course I laughed and said he was silly though he is considered very intelligent and besides I shall never go on the Stage. All that is Behind me.

When I look back at my Past I shudder and wonder if it can really be Me.

I wonder what my Society friends here would say if they Only Knew?

I wonder if a girl could go on the Stage and still be in Society. Of course I do not mean myself.

The Chileans are wonderful dancers, like the Argentines. I think the tango is a divine dance.

Mr. Hopkins is a very clever man, I mean Sherby's father of course, and is the lawyer for most of the countries in Central America and South America. He is brilliant and not at all old. I do not often see him.

Mr. Hopkins is very busy now because there is a Revolution in Mexico or somewhere and we are going to send soldiers there and Mr. Hopkins says, if America does that there will be War.

I hope there will not be a war but I suppose it would not be a very dangerous War in Mexico, not like in Europe.

The British and French and Germans are wearing uniforms here at Receptions, they look very smart.

I bet Sherby would look wonderful in a uniform, he is so big and tall and handsome.

(*One Month Later.*)

Monday. Grannie wrote that Mother was sick so I went down to Norfolk and she had one of her attacks, but was feeling better.

It was lovely being home and seeing Mother and Grannie again but they asked so many questions I thought they never would stop.

I had not seen them since my marriage because they would not come to Washington and I did not have the time to go to Norfolk. So they really did not know anything about my husband or his family except that they are Rich.

Grannie's first question was, Are you happy? Which was just like her.

So then I told them that I loved my husband and that he loved me and he was a darling and we were very happy.

I had to tell them all about what my home was like and about my rooms and the parties I went to, of course it was natural they should be curious but it was difficult to tell them everything because their lives are so different and it is so hard for them to understand.

For instance the dress I had on was the plainest I had and I wore a motoring coat without fur and tried to be as simple as I could but Mother kept on saying what a wonderful costume and what did it cost.

Of course then I said I did not know, because I had charge accounts, and Mother said, well, it isn't fair to your husband to go buying things like that without asking the price, maybe they would have

come down. I would like to speak to your husband about it, I think he needs a piece of My Mind.

Well it was lucky I was not wearing my ermine.

I wonder why it is that the simpler and plainer you are the more life seems complicated.

Mother seems to think I should go down on my knees to Sherby and thank him for marrying me. Well I felt like that once, but after all he has got me.

It seemed funny that Norfolk was no longer Home to me but after all that is Life and Home is where you are happiest.

I saw only one person I knew, it was Ada Clement. She was coming out of the Library as we passed so I stopped the car when I saw she had seen me and said, Hello, Ada.

But it turned out that she hadn't recognized me and when she did she looked very cool and distant and said Oh, hello Peggy, you've been away, haven't you?

Of course she knew very well that I had been married to one of the richest men in Washington but she would not say anything about that although she used to be a friend of mine.

Girls do not make real friends like men do because they are always getting Jealous and Envyous.

So I said, Well, Good-bye Ada Dear, remember me to your mother, and when you come to Washington I hope you will come and see us, and then I waved my hand and told the chauffer to continue.

A few entries, extending over several months, are here omitted as having no bearing on the story; chiefly they are exclamations at the gay life of Washington, and in several she mentions presents—a necklace, a ring, a wristwatch—given her by her husband, whose devotion seems to have been constant.

Then followed an incident which again changed the course of her life.

Thursday. I am invited to a grand ball at the Shoreham given by one of the Legations and I am so thrilled because it is the first formal ball I have been to and I shall have to wear a train.

Sherby says it will be all right because I am tall and willowy, short women cannot wear trains properly he says.

I have tried mine on and it looks very nice, quite the best looking dress I have ever had, but it is very difficult to walk in.

The fitter says there is not much trick to it and I shall be all right as soon as I have had some practise.

I am wearing my hair all piled up on top of my head, which is the latest fashion. I saw a girl today with her hair cut short, they call it "bobbed hair", like a boy, I think she was terrible.

Saturday. I am quite sick and ill and may have to go to the hospital because I fell down the stairs at the entrance to the Shoreham ballroom.

I was so ashamed. I got down several steps all right, then the train got under my feet and I tripped. Sherby tried to save me but he wasn't quick enough and I fell all the way down.

Of course I had to go home and I have had severe pains since.

Saturday. (Later). I am to go to Famway Sanitorium, the doctor thinks an operation may be necessary.

Sunday. I am not to have my child because of the accident. I am so sad.

They are very good to me here.

Peggy was ill for several weeks and the death of her hopes of motherhood was only the beginning of a fresh cycle of trouble which was to land her in New York, alone and penniless.

Tuesday. Mr. B—— has given me a wonderful embroidered shawl, it is the handsomest I have ever seen and is much admired.

I showed it to Sherby of course or rather he saw it and he asked me who had sent it to me so I told him and Sherby said,

I don't see how he could buy you that he hasn't any money he's just a bum.

Well I was absolutely furious because Sherby had no right to talk of my friends in such a way, so I said,

Well, I would not be the one to talk about anyones friends if I were you.

So we had a little quarrel because I have been hearing things since I got back from the Sanitorium.

Of course I would not believe all that Mr. B—— told me because he is Interested, but I would like to know who Pinner Nesbitt is.

I do not know her but I do not think she is a very good friend of mine. And if Sherby says

things to me about my Chilean friends I can tell him a thing or two.

Thursday. I have met the woman whom my husband thinks is so charming. Well a woman can be very charming to men and still be a total loss to women.

I am not jealous but I am not very strong after my operation and I do not think it is fair that I should be worried so.

Friday. I have asked Sherby straight out and he denies and says, Can't he be friends with persons without my getting jealous? I am not jealous I told him, only very unhappy.

Saturday. I cannot stand this any longer.

Mrs. Hopkins says, Do not do anything rash, Peggy, it will all smooth over and Sherby does love you tremendously.

That is true I suppose but I am too weak and ill I cannot bear the strain, I am going away. And I think its a queer way to show love when a man

objects to his wife getting a lovely present and then gets himself talked about with another woman.

I suppose I am a very foolish girl but I am not myself anyway. I can't stand having Sherby so indifferent and I wont admit that I'm wrong because I know I'm not. Isn't it every wife's right to come first in her husband's life? Unless he is much, much nicer to me tonight I am going to leave him.

Sunday. I have left Sherburne Hopkins for ever.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I Run Away from Husband Number 2

Monday. Will I ever forget that last night with Sherby? If I knew how I would put it out of my mind forever and make up my own memory of the kind of night I could think of happily when I am old and unloved. But if it had been that kind of night I would still be with Sherby. I am not sure that I don't wish I were anyway. Perhaps I have been a very foolish girl.

Sherby did not come home for dinner as I had hoped he would and I waited a long time because why not get it over with and decide right then whether I was to go on or leave him? Finally I went to bed but I did not go to sleep.

When Sherby came in he came to my room and said I'm sorry Babs but I couldn't help it it was something I had to do.

I suppose it was that woman I said. Probably if I had taken his explanation we would have made up and I would still be with him but after all a girl has her pride and I had been humiliated. I was willing to make up but I wanted to tell him how I felt first.

Don't be silly Babs, he said.

Then I charged him with being unfaithful to me and Sherby got sore and it was terrible.

Can't I be friendly with a woman without you thinking things that aren't true? he said. You're being a fool. Wont you ever grow up?

Then I started to cry and said I am grown up and it is true and you know its true Sherby. I can't live with a man I don't trust and unless you promise me now that You wont ever see that woman again I'm going to leave you in the morning

So he said, You are not being fair to me, you cannot leave me like this besides where will you go and how will you live, you do not suppose I am going to give you money to live apart from me, do you?

I would not dream of accepting your hateful money I said, I can take care of myself perfectly well and I am going to leave you.

Babs, you can't do that because I love you and you love me, he said.

You do not love me and I do not love you I said, but it was a lie.

I still love him, I cannot help loving him, he is so handsome and generous.

I did not take his presents with me when I left, except the wrist-watch which I needed, I put them on the dressing-table where he could see them and I took only eight dollars in cash because I would not ask him for money to leave him with, and I only took a few of my dresses, just one suitcase.

I am leaving millions and a good home and a place in Society and I do not know what will become of me, but I suppose I will have to go on the Stage.

Mr. B—— says I will be the most beautiful woman on the New York Stage and that I will conquer the World.

Mr. B—— goes to New York quite frequently he says and stops at the Saint Regis which is where Mr. Hopkins keeps a suite.

I wonder how a person goes on the Stage?

I am scribbling this in the sleeper, I cannot sleep.

I do not know New York so I am going to the Saint Regis hotel where we stayed on our honey-

moon. I am still Mrs. Hopkins and at least I can use the suite Mr. Hopkins keeps there.

Tuesday. I have been at the Saint Regis a week and have no more money, I have written to Sherby but he has not replied.

At least he is still my husband and I did not think he would have such a cold heart.

I wonder if Mrs. Hopkins will write?

It is not much fun in New York where nobody knows you. I spend all my time looking in the shop windows and walking up and down Fifth avenue which I love, but I cannot buy anything and I have to take all my meals in my room because I have no Money.

It is really getting to be terrible to be so without money and alone.

The manager of the hotel looked at me in a funny way today.

I do not know how a person goes on the Stage but I will find out and get there somehow.

Mr. B—— has not visited New York since I came here. At least I have not seen him.

(*Three weeks later.*)

Friday. The manager has telephoned and come up, he is very courteous but he says I cannot stay here any longer because they have sent the bills to Mr. Hopkins in Washington like I told them to and Mr. Hopkins has refused to pay them, so unless I can pay them myself I must go.

I said, cannot a husband be forced to support his wife? The manager said, You will have to see a lawyer about that, but I think Mr. Hopkins would support you if you returned to Washington.

So then I realized Sherby is trying to make me go back to him and will even let me starve to get his own ends. Well I will defy him.

So I told the manager I could not pay the bill just now but expected to be able to pay it very soon, and he said I am sorry, Mrs. Hopkins but under the circumstances I think I would go to a hotel that is not so expensive, We will send you to the Belleclaire Hotel which is quite a nice house, if you like, but we cannot permit you to remain here.

So I am going to the Belleclaire Hotel to-morrow and I am very miserable but I will not let anyone know it, and I will *not return* to my husband although I love him so much it hurts.

Mr. B—— promised to write to me and come to

see me in New York, but I have not heard from him although I have written twice. I wonder if he is ill.

I will never trust another man.

Wednesday. This is terrible, the manager of the Belleclaire says he cannot afford to allow me to have my meals in the Hotel unless I make a deposit because I have so little baggage, I think the manager of the St. Regis must have told him that I had no money.

I have telegraphed to Sherby because after all he has always made me an allowance and I am still his wife, but he has not replied.

What shall I do?

Thursday. If it had not been for that man last night I would have had nothing to eat and I do not know what I shall do to-day, besides the manager says I will have to leave my room to-night unless I pay my bill and they will keep my valise.

Sherby has written but he says I must return to Washington for my allowance. He will send me a ticket if I ask.

I will not give in. I will starve first.

It was his fault not mine and he must be the one to give in.

New York is a terrible city it is so big and nobody

cares what becomes of a person if she has no money. I wish I had I dollar, I would get some breakfast.

I wonder if that man who paid for my dinner last night would buy me my lunch? But of course I could not ask him.

He spoke to me just as I was going out last night and said, Excuse me, young lady, but I'm an old fellow and lonesome and I see you are lonely too so why don't we have dinner together? And of course he didn't know that I had not eaten all day and I could not tell him but I accepted and thanked him, it was a good dinner.

Hunger will make a girl do things she would not do if she had Money.

Later. The man is not in the hotel he has left. I am frightened but I will not give in.

I will put on my little checkered suit and go to every Theatre, I am sure I will get a job.

I wish I had some breakfast, it is hard to think of walking without any breakfast and the theatres are a long way down Broadway.

So little Peggy, alone and friendless, without a penny in her pocket and no food in her stomach, sets out from a hard-hearted Hotel in the Seventies to walk down Broadway in quest of fame. Unknown to her, it lurks around the corner.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I Starve—And Become Famous

Friday. Life for a girl on her own is like a merry-go-round, it keeps on going faster and faster until you fall off and then it all depends on how you fall and where. I mean you may get hurt and then again you may fall on something soft.

It is strange how important little things are in a girl's destiny. I have never thought much about God but surely there must be *something* that decides whether a girl "goes wrong," commits suicide, or becomes famous, all in spite of herself.

When I left the Belleclaire Hotel yesterday morning I was locked out of my room, I had not a nickel, I was hungry, my waist was soiled and I did not even have a change of underwear, which seemed more important than breakfast.

I did not know what I was going to do but I was sure of one thing, I would not give in and go back

to my husband who was trying to starve me into returning to Washington and his home.

I was ready for anything.

As I walked down Broadway in my wornout shoes and little checkered suit that hadn't been to the cleaner's since I left Sherby over a month ago I was pretty hopeless but I still had a kind of idea something would turn up. If any man even if he was not good-looking had smiled at me and asked me to have lunch with him I would have gone with him.

Hunger certainly makes you think about things.

When I was a kid I used to think that it was Love that was the most important thing in Life, then after that experience in Denver I thought it was money, but now I know it is Food.

Down near Columbus Circle I saw a girl smile at a man coming out of a cigar store and he went up to her and spoke to her and then they went off together.

A few days ago I might have thought the girl was all wrong but now I realize that maybe she was hungry.

So I smiled at a few men but not one of them smiled back at me and most of them did not even look.

I guess I must have looked pretty bad at that in my shabby suit. My stockings had runs in them and my shoes and my hat was all out of shape.

As things turned out it was a woman not a man who saved me. She is a woman who will be Famous one day I am sure, and she is the best woman I have ever met except Mother and Granny, I wonder what Mother and Granny would think if they could see me now, but I would never tell them.

When I got to the corner of 48th street and Broadway I was so tired I could hardly walk and my feet hurt and I was terribly hungry.

I did not know what to do so I thought I would go to the stage door of the Palace Theatre and ask the manager to put me on the stage.

The doorman said, what do you want? In a gruff tone and I said, I want to see the manager. And he answered so do lots of people what do you want with him? I want a position on the stage, I said.

You can't get a job of acting like that, he said, you must see an agent and you better give him plenty of pictures. You better give him a good stall too or he will throw you down the stairs.

So I left and really I was desperate and next door was a little dressmaking and hat shop and I

was so tired I thought I would maybe get a job as a saleslady and go on the stage later.

But when I entered the shop I was so scared that I didn't have the nerve to ask for a job and they thought I was a customer and began showing me hats and I was too scared to tell them that I didn't have any money so I just sat there and looked. I was so tired what else could I do?

Finaly the girl whispered to a lady in the back and this lady came to me and she looked kind and she said, Did you wish to order anything Miss?

I just could not answer her so I don't know why I did it but I burst into tears and cried and cried. And the lady said, you poor kid come inside and tell me all about it.

She took me in her private office and after awhile I stopped crying and told her I had no money not even a change of underwear, and she was wonderful, she said, Well that's easy we can fix you up, when did you eat last?

So before I knew it I was telling her the hole story and she exclaimed, Why, you are the girl whose picture was on the front page this morning.

And she got a newspaper and sure enough there was my picture and a long story from Washington, saying I had left my husband the distinguished So-

ciety Man and Millionaire to go on the stage in New York.

I am Madame Frances, said the kind lady and you are a beautiful little thing. I am going to take you in charge and fix you up with everything you need and some money to pay your hotel and then you are going back there and rest, you are all in you poor kid.

So she took me back to the hotel and gave me a new dress and a change of underwear and a waist and ten dollars and she said, Now you rest and wait here until I telephone.

So I waited and this morning she telephoned and said, How are you? I want you to come down to my store right away, I have some good news for you.

I went there in a taxicab and there was Madame Frances who had a marvelous personality. She is so good and her hats and gowns are so wonderful, and she said, Come my child we are going to see about getting you a job.

And we went to the office of Mr. Ziegfeld, he is a theatrical man and Madame Frances went in and soon she came out again and said, I have to go now but you wait here and they will call you.

There were lots of other beautiful girls in the

waiting room and they were all expensively dressed and some of them Glared at me and I felt very scared, and finaly a man came out and said, Which of you is Mrs. Hopkins?

I am I said. Well then, come with me to see Mr. Ziegfeld. I am Mr. Kingston the publicity man and I am taking you in to see him, he said. Do not be frightened he won't eat you and just tell him all he wants to know.

We went into a great big Office and at a desk there was rather a good-looking man, not very tall and with lovely gray hair. He did not say a word for a moment just looked at me, and I felt very bashful because I had never been looked at like that before.

Then he said, So your the little lady from Washington who wants to go on the stage are you? Well you are certainly a knockout for looks I will hand you that. Let us look at your legs.

So he looked at my legs, not insultingly or anything like that but just like he was looking at a picture he was buying and then he said, Well if you can do *anything* at all on the stage you will do, won't she Kingston? A knockout said Kingston.

Mr. Ziegfeld said, Come with me, have you ever been on the stage before? I said No, because why

tell about the bicycle act when I might be a big star?

And they took me to a big stage and there was a piano and another gentleman sat on the stage and Mr. Ziegfeld said, This is Mr. Erlanger. He is my partner.

Come here little girl said Mr. Erlanger. What can you do?

So I said I did not know and smiled at him though I was very nervous, and Mr. Ziegfeld said, Let's see you walk across the stage. No, just naturally.

I felt silly but I did what he said and Erlanger said, She's got the looks all right. She knows how to walk, to, said Mr. Ziegfeld.

Then he came over to me and he said, listen little one, if you listen to me I will make you the most Famous girl in New York. Every year I pick out one girl and throw the spots on her and you are going to be the girl this year if you and I can get together. Now I am going to pay you a hundred dollars a week, but of course this is a great deal of money so you must work hard and try to justify my faith in you. I think you are a nice little girl and Mr. Erlanger does too, but you cannot get anywhere on the stage unless you work hard.

They told me to report the next day and I am going back to-morrow and I am the happiest girl in New York, I do not care if other girls are jealous.

I just love Madame Frances she is so wonderful & so are Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Erlanger wonderful to.

CHAPTER NINE

Fanny Brice Tells Me Her Ten Commandments

One hundred dollars a week! Later she was to be offered thousands but to the little girl who had been heart-broken and penniless and starving only a few hours before, a hundred dollars was a great fortune. More, it was her definite emancipation from her life as a leader of Washington Society, a life she had voluntarily left.

Sunday. I was to tired to write in my Diary yesterday but there is no rehearsal to-day so I have a few minutes but I am so nervous and excited it is difficult to write.

I am sure I am going to love the stage, everyone is wonderful to me except the other girls and of course I do not care anything about them. They are only jealous. There is one girl Lilyan Tashman who hates me but I would like to be friends with her.

Mr. Erlanger was there yesterday and he patted my shoulder and said I was going fine, only I really have not very much to do, only walk across the stage and so forth, but I am to have glorious costumes and the spot.

I heard someone say I was Erlanger's latest pet but I do not think it was nice because how can I help it if he owns the Theatre and is nice to me?

Wednesday. They have given me a scene with Bert Williams, it is only one line but that is more than most of the other girls have and I am very happy. Mr. Williams is so nice and kind to me. He may be colored but he has a great big heart and everyone adores him in the theatre. He is one of the big stars, the other is Fannie Brice.

Friday. We have got our costumes they are glorious and I have five changes and they make me look wonderful.

Mr. Ziegfeld said publikly that I was the most beautiful girl in the show and the other girls are very cruel and nasty to me and I am beginning to hate them.

There is a lot of trouble with the stage manager who is a very rough man and says he cannot understand my Southern accent, You cant talk like that in New York, he said. But Mr. Williams said, she will get it soon, don't worry little one.

And because I have a line with Bert Williams of course all the other girls are furious. They say I have a swell head which is not true, only when a girl has a speaking part she need not have to assocyate with the ordinary chorus girls.

I have had a quarrel with Lilyan, one of the girls; in fact almost a fight but we were stopped and the stage manager said he would fire us if we did it again.

Thursday. When I got to the Theatre to-day they told me to get my make up box from the girl's dressing room and put it in Miss Brice's. I could hardly believe my ears.

So Mr. Ziegfeld personaly said, I am putting you in with Miss Brice who has kindly consented to teach you something, you do not know much now, you know, and I think you are getting a swell head with those other girls. You should not be so Superior.

Of course I did not argue with Mr. Ziegfeld because I was so grateful for being put with Miss Brice, who is wonderful but I think a girl should always be a little superior especially when she has a speaking part.

So I went to Miss Brices dressing room and she came in and she said, Oh, hello kiddo, so you are the kid who thinks she is a Star, well we will try to make you one.

Miss Brice is wonderful.

Sunday. I do love Miss Brice she has taken me to her home and she says I am too beautiful to be let loose on the streets of New York.

She said last night, What sort of men do you go out with.

And I said I had met hardly any men yet.

So Miss Brice said, Well you've been married so I don't have to tell you anything, but if you will take a tip from me you will not make a fool of yourself over any man unless he can help you.

Miss Brice says there are ten things a girl should know about men, they are:

1. Make sure they have got the money they are spending.
2. Give them the air when they tell about the wife who doesn't understand them.

3. Find out about them before you go out to lunch.

4. Lots of men with bad reputations have good hearts but a good heart is no good if the man cashes a bad check.

5. Don't stop a man from making promises but see that he keeps them. Nine out of ten men will welch in the morning on a promise made at night.

6. Don't accept presents from a man unless you love him or they are valuable presents.

7. Don't love any man unless you have to and then only if he loves you or can back you up.

8. Ninety-nine percent of all the trouble in the world is caused by love and a girl on the stage cant afford trouble of any kind.

9. When a man tries to keep you from the show or rehearsal give him the ice unless he takes you to the City Hall, and dont go as far as that unless you have seen his bankbook and know he can support you in the manner you have not been accustomed to.

10. Two men are safer than one especially if you are drinking Champagne.

Of course Miss Brice was only kidding and it is funny how people have rules for other people that they would not think of applying to themselves. I think Miss Brice is one of the loveliest characters I know.

I wonder if I shall ever understand men? Of course I do not know very many only a few like Martin and Charley Schwartz and Joe Godsal and they are really only aquaintances, not friends.

Sunday. I have been thinking over life and how strange it is and how you can start out for one thing and find yourself in quite another without knowing how or why.

Here I am becoming quite a well-known actress in New York when only a little while ago I was a Society woman in Washington and the wife of a prominent millionaire, and before that a traveling vaudeville artist. And I still cant see how it all happened.

Deep inside me ever since I was a little girl I have always wanted nice things and luxuries and love and I suppose once or twice I have said to myself, "Why be beautiful if you can't have what you want?"

Yes, but the trouble is when a girl gets what she wants she does not know it and thinks she wants something else.

When I was a school-girl I was crazy to be the wife of a millionaire and be in Society and have my husband love me a lot, but when I got all three I was not satisfied because it was not at all the life I imagined it would be.

After all I suppose to be fair to Sherby I should have known that there are days when a husband feels that he cannot love his wife like other days

but he knows the feeling will go and then he will love her more for it afterwards. I suppose husbands cant help being like that.

But a girl like me wants to be loved all the time.

Anyway Broadway is not at all like Washington, I think I like it better because the people are more real and human, they are not always expecting you to be dignified and social.

Maybe it is because Broadway has a heart and Society only a mind.

That sounds funny from me but a girl must think about serious things some times.

I suppose Mother would not like Broadway, she would think it wicked and vulgar, but it is not any more wicked or any more vulgar than Norfolk, it is only more tired and wise.

I have met some mighty fine men on Broadway who would not be allowed in Society in Washington, but they would not want to be in Society in Washington.

And anyway Society people may be very proper and clever and wonderful in Society but when some of them get on Broadway they do not always show it.

As for some Society men they have two ways to

look at girls, one for the girls in their own set and one for the girls they just play around with.

Whereas a Broadway man is the same to everyone.

Of course there are some wonderful men in Society and they are always gentlemen wherever they are, but then that is in their natures and not because they are rich and social.

There are two things that bring out the worst part of a man and one is liquor and the other is money.

CHAPTER TEN

I Meet Mr. Lee Shubert

Peggy today, were she asked, might add a few rules of her own to Fanny Brice's Ten Commandments of love. For four months she continues in the Follies, the newspapers proclaiming her as the most beautiful girl in America. As her fame widens, so does her circle of acquaintances, but no episode of importance is noted in the Diary until about four months later, when Peggy mounts the second rung in her climb of the dizzy ladder of fame. In the interim she has acquired a considerable outer layer of sophistication. The entries in her Diary become less naïve.

Sunday. Spent a hundred dollars to-day on a dress, it is the latest thing in the new straight line models and makes me look very tall and very slender.

It is funny that so many girls have to diet and do things to keep their weight down, I never do, just

eat whatever I like, and I am always the same. I certainly would hate to cut out candy.

But I never drink much, only a glass of wine now and then and I really think that makes quite a difference.

Monday. Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Dillingham are going to put me in a new revue called Miss 1918, at least they are going to make me one of the stars.

Tuesday. My pictures are in the papers every day nearly. I am a Celebrety.

Wednesday. Fanny says we must celebrate my engagement as a star and I should meet some Society men who will take me to exclusive dinners so we are going to Belmont Park.

Thursday. We went to Belmont Park with Fanny in her Electric but we did not realize how far it was so as the Electric was very slow and there were so many big cars on the road we only arrived

in time for the last race and there were not any Society Men there anyway at least I did not see them.

The Electric broke down on the way home and some men stopped and gave us a lift home.

They were not Society men, only bookmakers or something like that although they did not look Literary, one was quite nice and we had refreshments on the way home at some road-house.

Of course I will never see them again but one was quite nice.

Tuesday. A boy named Stewart, really very nice, sent me some flowers in a pot of earth called tulips.

When I got the flowers they looked so funny at first, and I could not imagine who had sent them until I read the card, William Rhinelander Stewart.

I cut off the tops and they looked better, and Fanny came in and said, "My God Child who sent you those gorgeous tulips" and I showed her the card and she said "Why he is one of the richest kids in New York and a regular fellow."

Then she saw the roots and screamed "Good heavens the girl has cut off the flowers and thrown

away the bulbs!" and then she explained that the tulips were the most expensive flowers at that season, even more expensive than Orchids, and it was the roots or bulbs that made them expensive because they kept growing.

Well how can a girl know everything?

Wednesday. I have met a marvelous man, very good-looking, from Chili. His name is Billy. His sister is having trouble in New York on account of having shot her husband for being untrue to her and he is here on her account.

Billy and I are good friends but of course we could never be anything else because he has a wife in Chili.

He has shown me her picture and she is very beautiful, I hope they are very happy because Billy is a fine fellow and he is very nice to me, always a gentlemen.

That was Peggy's first meeting with a man who later was to figure in her life in a tragic manner. Billy was one of those handsome South-American men-about-town who are so often prominent in New York, London and particularly Paris society. As the diary makes no further reference to him it appears that at

this time he was only a casual acquaintance —perhaps because neither wished otherwise.

Peggy now leaves the Follies chorus for a star's dressing-room in "Miss 1918."

Sunday. We have opened in "Miss 1918" and I am meeting a lot of new people. Just like any other group of people some are nice and some are horrid. Men think that every woman hates every other woman. That is the worst lie that they tell about us. Some of the girls hate me because I am good looking and get a lot of attention from men and became famous so quickly while they have worked for years without ever getting their pictures in the paper, but can I help that?

Miss Irene Castle is in the show.

Miss Castle has the star's dressing room.

The show is going quite well.

One paper I think it was the Journal, said I was one of the most photographed girls in New York, which is quite a compliment as of course I do not pay for my photographs.

I am playing a scene with Lew Fields in Miss 1918 and Bessie McCoy Davis is in the show as well.

Irene Castle is very nice and I am sorry I had the

fight over the star's dressing-room, but really a girl is either a star or she isn't a star and I thought I was the star.

It was just a misunderstanding. Anyway I like Miss Castle.

Tuesday. One of the papers says I am only a dressed up doll and cannot act and I have been crying terribly because when a girl tries as hard as I do the critics could at least be kind.

I suppose it's foolish to mind what the critics say. If you want to get anywhere you have to go on doing your stuff whatever other people say and you ought not to mind being panned.

So long as you get a good hand and people like you and your managers say you are delivering the goods a girl ought not to mind what the critics say, but I do somehow.

I feel very blue and Dispirited.

Maybe something nice will happen tomorrow to make me Forget.

That's one thing good about being on Broadway. You never know what's going to happen tomorrow. I think it and Fifth Avenue are the most Romantic streets in the world.

Though I haven't seen so many streets yet.

I suppose now that I am famous I shall see most of the important streets in the world.

Saturday. When I came to the Theatre tonight my dressing room was full of flowers.

They came from six different men.

I wish the critic who said I was only a dressed up doll could see them. After all flowers mean a lot to a girl when the critics pan her.

The reason flowers mean so much is that they warm the heart. A dressed up doll hasn't any heart to warm.

I had only met one of the six men who sent the flowers. Yet each gift of flowers had a note attached to it asking me to meet the man after the show.

I don't think it's very nice of men you haven't met to ask you to meet them after the show.

I talked to Fanny Brice about it and I asked her to tell me honestly if there was anything in my deportment or manner that would make men think they could meet me like that.

Fanny said the stage door johnnies went on the principle that it is no harm to try.

Sunday. I have sent some money home to Norfolk. They would never ask me for it but I try to send a little whenever I can.

Perhaps some day I will be able to buy Mother a house, but just now it is not so easy for me to get by.

I would be rich in Norfolk on the salary I am getting but of course that is the trouble, a girl never gets paid a lot of money except where it costs all of it to live.

Believe me if it was not for some of the men I know who at least take me to dinner and supper sometimes I would have a hard time because I wear nice clothes, I have to to keep my job, and furs and silk stockings all the time, and sometimes getting a pair of silk stockings is almost as big a problem as a meal.

I wonder if men realise that often we do not go out with them because we like their company but because we are hungry?

A girl cannot always afford to buy herself steaks when she needs silk lingerie.

It certainly is a fact that any girl that starts in the chorus and gets anywhere but the streets has something in her besides good looks.

Tuesday. There is a rich Texan here called Bill Hogg who has a magnificent apartment on Park Avenue and all the girls love him because he does not expect you to fall on his neck because he gives you a meal.

Some of the men are not like that. Some of them think you owe them something if they buy you a meal. A girl has to be very careful who she goes out with when she is on Broadway.

Sometimes I have had to leave a man in the middle of the evening because he thought it was time for him to begin to collect something he thought I owed him. Of course I don't go out with men I don't know as a rule, but after all how would you make any new friends if you sat around waiting until you'd known a man all your life before you would go out alone with him?

You get so that you can tell what they're like before you go out with them, but even the wisest girl makes a mistake sometimes. I know a girl who has been on Broadway for years and she had to get out of a cab at seventy-ninth street and Broadway the other night in a snow storm in order to get away from a man who thought she owed him something.

Well Bill Hogg is not like that he is a real man

and never expects anything but a girls friendship. He is more interested in oil than girls anyway.

Saturday. The Shuberts called up to-day, that is Lee did. He wants me to come and see him about a play he said.

I am quite thrilled because of course that shows that I have been a success, but I am also very nervous because I have heard Mr. Shubert is very severe although a wonderful producer.

Monday. I told Fanny whom I happened to meet about the Shuberts and she looked at me funny and said, "What did they have to say?"

"I don't know," I said, "I havent answered yet. I am kind of scared."

Fanny was horrified. "You havent answered!" she said, "Well there is one thing about you you sure have your nerve or you are just crazy. When did Lee call?"

"Saturday morning" I told her.

"And you mean to sit there and tell me Lee *Shubert* called you up about a play on Saturday morn-

ing and here it is Monday and you havent answered him yet?" she cried.

"Yesterday was Sunday," I replied.

"My God!" said Fanny.

So I called Lee up and have made a date for tomorrow and afterward I walked a bit with Fanny and we met Ida ——— and Fanny said to her, "Ida I want you to meet a girl who is going to be famous. She high-hats Lee Shubert."

Fanny is peculiar at times. I do not think that was funny besides I do not high-hat anybody. I am just scared to go and see Mr. Shubert because I have heard he is so stern and severe.

But Fanny's friend Ida said, "She isn't so crazy, if there is one thing I have learned about theatrical producers it is that a girl should never let them have what they want the first time they ask for it."

"That goes for all men," said Fanny, "but Lee is liable to get mad and if you don't hustle over to see him right away, kid, he is liable to change his mind about the play."

Tuesday. Well I have seen Mr. Shubert and I was scared to death but he was a perfect darling.

I just stood trembling at the door of his office but he got right up and smiled and said, "Hello, so this Miss Hopkins," and then he made me sit down and he gave me a cigarette and honest I never have met such a nice man.

He wants me to be leading lady in a play called A Place in the Sun which is by an English author named Cyril Harcourt.

I have read some of the play and it is very interesting. I have to wear riding clothes in one scene and there is a marvelous love scene.

Wednesday. Mr. Shubert called and says I am to go to school to correct my English accent, so I said, "Why Mr. Shubert my accent is southern not English," so he said, "Well whatever it is you've got to learn to talk stage English, which high school would you like to go to?"

But he was only joking, he has hired three English tutors to teach me stage diction and I am going to work very hard.

Mr. Dillingham and Mr. Ziegfeld were not very pleased because I signed with Lee Shubert but a girl has to look after herself and really Mr. Shubert is wonderful to me.

Wednesday. I have just seen Sherby again. He came to the theatre and wanted to take me home. So we went to my little two room flat on Fifty-Ninth street for a talk. After all he is my husband.

Sherby was in uniform. He said he was going to be an aviator and I was so proud of him I nearly fell in love with him all over again.

He was perfectly lovely and he said he had always loved me and had been very sad at my leaving him, and he said, "Babs, if I come out of this alright will you come back to me?"

Well how could I say no? After all he was my husband and he was going to war and perhaps be wounded or killed or something and besides he might have done something desperate if I said no.

So I said, "Of course I will Sherby only you must promise to let me go on with my stage career."

He didn't like that very much but finally he consented and we had supper and it was quite like old times.

Sherby said he had heard all sorts of things about me in Washington, about my going around with men etc., but he had asked some people who knew me since he had come to New York and they had said it was all lies.

"Since you bring the subject up," I said, "Well

of course I have been out with a few men, have had supper with them etc but I have to work too hard for anything else."

I am glad Sherby still loves me.

He is coming to see me in the play when we open if he does not get his sailing orders first.

Sherburne Hopkins was not wounded or killed in France, where he had a distinguished record. Nowhere in Miss Joyce's diary however is it recorded that he returned to claim her promise. By that time, of course, a lot of water had run down the Hudson and Peggy's interests were definitely elsewhere.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I Become a Star

Sunday. I hate the English * all except Cyril Harcourt, he is lovely to me. As for Norman Trevor I do not think he is even a good actor and he had the audacity to tell Shubert the other day that he would not go on with the play if I stayed in it.

And all because of a perfectly ordinary and simple incident on opening night which really might have happened to anyone.

In one scene I am supposed to come galloping up looking for my sweetheart, you hear the horse's hoofs offstage and then I come rushing on as if I had just got off the horse.

Well the opening night I was very nervous because it was the biggest part I had ever had and I ran on the stage a few seconds before my cue, so

* Miss Joyce's opinion of the English was later to change radically.

there was I standing on the stage speaking my lines with the horse's hoofs still galloping off stage.

Of course everyone laughed and I cried and Norman was furious. He refused to work with me any longer, he said, but of course did not persist in his attitude.

All the cast is English and they are not like American actors at all.

Cyril Harcourt who plays the father (Merryl Madden, Mrs. Fiske's niece, is his daughter in the play) is a wonderful actor and lovely to me. But Trevor is terrible. I pulled his toupee off his head on the stage the other day and two nights ago during our big love scene on a couch he pushed me so hard that it hurt terribly and all the time I had to pretend I was loving him to death when I was hating him.

And he was supposed to be saying "I love you, I love you, you are my dearest lover," and instead he was saying under his breath, "Whoever gave you the idea you can act, you spoil every scene I have," and I was nearly hysterical I was so mad.

If it wasnt for Sonny Whitney and some other friends I have I would really think I was to terrible for words but Sonny who comes to matinees and sends me flowers has been wonderful, really too

sweet, and he says I am great in the part and all the rest of the cast is terrible.

I do think Sonny is the sweetest boy and the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. I hope I shall always be a friend of his and he a friend of mine and I hope and pray he will marry someone who loves him and makes him happy because he is so wonderful.

Sunday. The show has closed and I am glad because everyone was so hateful except Mr. Harcourt who is a dear.

Mr. Shubert says he will put me in another show at once, it is called "It Pays to Flirt" and I am not going to have more than one month to rehearse.

I wish I could have a rest but I am under contract and of course an actress must never break her contracts.

Sunday. I have had a letter from Sherby. He is in Paris. I hope he is not flirting with those French girls but I bet he is, after all he is my husband.

My new show It Pays to Flirt was a failure, we opened in New Haven but the college boys hissed

us so after 1 week Mr. Shubert said we would close and I am glad because at last maybe I shall get a rest.

Personally I do not think It Pays to Flirt was so terrible, I liked it better than A Place in the Sun and I had a lovely dancing scene with Clifton Webb who is a great dancer and very funny on the stage.

Wednesday. Lee Shubert is wonderful he said stars arent born they are made and he knows I am going to be his biggest star if only I will keep on working and studying and not minding the hard knocks and the critics.

There is a horrible critic I do not know him personally but he is hateful, he writes terrible things about me. I think all Dramatic critics are terrible and I do not see why they let them in the theatres when all they say is bad things about the stars and keep the people away. In fact they all write terrible things about me.

Lee says I cannot have a very long rest because he has a wonderful vehicle for me called Sleepless Night and he is going to spend a lot of money on the production and I am going to be the big star with dozens of glorious Paris Gowns, only I said I

would rather have the dresses Madame Frances makes. She is quite well known now and has moved to 5th ave.

Thursday. I have seen the book of A Sleepless Night and it is wonderful, my part is the biggest and there is some real acting in it for the first time.

I am so happy Mr. Shubert thinks I can do the part for really my last two shows haven't been very successful.

Tuesday. We have started rehearsals on Sleepless Night, I like the play better every minute and we have some other big stars, Ernest Glendenning, Donald Gallagher, Lucile Watson, Josephine Drake, who is wonderful and very clever, and me of course who is the star.

Mr. Shubert says I am getting to be very good, and I have some scenes which are pretty good.

Sunday. Sleepless Night opened on Broadway Friday and it is a great success. For once the critics are very kind. Alan Dale says "I admire her (mean-

ing me) she can act, Shubert has a star who will make him money." Which was really very nice of him wasn't it?

I think dramatic critics are wonderful.

The World man says, "Peggy Hopkins is her own beautiful self in Sleepless Night and develops unsuspected histrionic powers." I am not sure what he means but it sounds like a boost.

The Journal says, "Anyone wanting an uproarious time should go to Sleepless Night and see Peggy Hopkins the loveliest creature that ever bestrode the bright lights in her most lovable creation."

Of course they are very nice to Ernest and Josephine and Lucille and Donald too.

The months passed with Peggy Hopkins the brightest star in the Broadway constellation. At last she has a hit, Lee Shubert's faith in her is justified and he is making back the money he lost on previous productions. We can imagine him rubbing his hands and looking forward to rosy times ahead with Peggy making him more money than the mint. But —not so fast, Mr. Shubert! A thousand or so miles westward from New York lives fate in the person of a rich young man who is destined to upset all your plans. And of course you have to send Peggy out to meet him!

Friday. Lee Shubert has just been in and says the show goes to Chicago in two weeks. Well I shall be glad to leave New York although I love it, but I like Chicago too.

Of course I do not know Chicago very well only having been there one day but it was a nice city, only big.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"All I Want is One Man."

Thursday. Eight telephone calls in my box when I got home from the theatre to-night and I did not know one of the men.

Men are becoming the trial of my life. Will they never let me alone?

Sometimes men can be the awfullest nuisances in the world.

All I want in the world is one man and I want him to love me for myself only and not because I am a great success.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

So Then Mr. Joyce Gave Me a Diamond

Wednesday. We have been playing quite a long time in Chicago, I am living at the Blackstone Hotel. Francine Larrimore who is playing in Scandal here, is living here too.

Francine is very interesting as a girl, very funny sometimes and a great actress.

I am making $700 per week and have my own maid and car and all the papers have been lovely and the show is a great success. So I suppose I should be happy.

I like Chicago and the Chicago men are splendid. I have met a lot of them, they are not so smooth as New York men, they laugh and joke more, and I think they drink more too, but they certainly know how to spend money.

We were in the College Inn the other night and I

said "Who is that handsome boy over there, with the brown eyes and wavy hair?"

"That is a murderer," said the man I was with, "He is a leader of the worst gang in Chicago and will be killed himself one of these days."

Well I was sorry for him because he was so good-looking and he was very well dressed and did not look at all like a murderer. I suppose some bad woman got hold of him.

There is a boy here named Charley McArthur who is studying to be a playwright he says. He has given me some lovely writeups in the Examiner and he is the funniest man I ever met. We were talking about the war one day and Charley was in the Artillery in France and someone asked him what rank he held and Charley said "Private," so I said, what, didn't they even make you a sergeant? And Charley said, "Yes nine times."

He is very amusing, the other day he sent me a big box for a present and when I opened it there was a Policeman's hat and nightstick and a note from Charley saying, "Dear Peggy I just got this from a friend on the corner to give to you," and five minutes later the *wildest* policeman came up and got them, he threatened to arrest everyone and said someone had come up from behind and stolen his

hat and stick before he could stop them and he had seen him turn the corner but could not catch him, and afterward he got a note signed An Admirer saying I had taken them because I had fallen in love with him.

Charley is so foolish he is always doing these things but I think he is very clever.

Talking about men there is one who sits in the front row every night wearing horn rim glasses. He does not laugh very much, only smiles and spends his time constantly looking at me.

I have asked who he is but nobody seems to know.

Really he is making me nervous, I hope he is not an anarchist or something.

The show closes next week and we are going back to New York the next day. Lee Shubert was here, he has a new part for me on Broadway, better than this one.

Sunday. Well the show has closed and all the cast is gone but I am still in Chicago.

Friday night the night the show closed Francine called me up and asked me to go to supper with her and two friends, she said they were good-look-

ing men and quite rich, and gentlemen, so I said I would, as it was the last night and I did not have to work the next day.

So after the show I went down and there was Francine at the stage door in a big car and two men were with her and who do you think one of them was? None other than my nightly admirer with the horn rimmed glasses!

At last I thought I am going to know who he is and what it is all about, and Francine said,

"Peggy here is a gentleman who is dying to meet you, he raves about you to all his friends, Mr. Joyce meet Miss Hopkins."

Well personally I would rather I had got the other man who was tall and blonde and not Mr. Joyce who was small and quite uninteresting, or rather unpresuming, but of course I could not say anything so we all went over to the College Inn for supper, and Mr. Joyce hardly said a word, just sat there and looked at me.

He said, "When are you leaving Chicago?"

I told him I was going the next day.

"Why not stay over the week-end," he said. "We will motor out somewhere with a party and you will have a good time."

Of course I refused because I was anxious to get

back to my little flat in New York and see the new play Mr. Shubert had for me, but Mr. Joyce was very persistent. He kept on asking all evening.

When we went out he had his car there and it was a Simplex. I had never seen a Simplex and did not know what it was, so I said I did not like its looks, so Joyce said right away, "Well I will get you any car you want."

"Don't be foolish," I replied, but really I was getting to like him, he was very dependable looking, not the sort of man likely to lose his head at all.

Francine told me he was very rich and owned a big lumber business. Lumber does not sound very romantic and anyway I have no use for lumber.

Well we all went home and the next morning 2 dozen American beauty roses came to my room with his card and then he telephoned and asked me to lunch with him.

I said, "No" and thanked him for the flowers, and said I would see him before the train left. The train was leaving early in the evening.

So he came in the afternoon and immediately gave me a square box and it had a large green Emerald in it, really it was very nice of him.

Of course I would rather have had a diamond but

anyway I suppose Emeralds are worth a little money to.

So I have agreed to stay over one more day and here I am.

Monday. Well I am still here but am leaving to-night.

Mr. Joyce has been very kind, taken me to lunch and dinner every night, and last night he asked me to marry him.

Of course I said that was ridiculous I did not know him very well and besides I was married already.

"That's all right," he said "you are separated from your husband aren't you? Well I will get you a divorce and then we can be married."

Then he gave me a diamond, really a very nice diamond.

So I said I would go to New York and let him know in a week's time.

Friday. Have just arrived in New York and Aunt Ida telephoned me asking me to dinner and I

am really very tired and should stay in and go to bed but I must tell her all about Stanley and show her the emerald and diamond he gave me so I accepted.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I Divorce Hopkins and Marry Joyce

Sunday. I do not know what to do about Stanley, he telephoned three times to-day and every other day since I left Chicago and it must cost an awful lot of money to telephone from Chicago and I get orchids and roses at all hours and he has sent me several lovely presents.

I have shown the emerald he gave me to a friend who is a jeweler and he says it is worth about twenty thousand dollars.

I am very miserable because of Fred H——, of course I havent mentioned it before but when Sherby was in New York while I was playing in A Place in the Sun he brought Fred to meet me one night and Fred and I got to be wonderful friends.

Well frankly I am in love with Fred and he is in love with me but he cannot marry me because

his sister says he is not to do so and anyway of course I am still married to Sherby. Of course I am not going to see him any more.

But how can I feel tenderly to Joyce when I love Fred?

Tuesday. Lee Shubert called up and I went down to see him and he said he had a good part for me and I said I would read it, so when Stanley telephoned me again I said I was going back to the theatre and he said, wait, wait, until I see you.

So I will wait but it is not fair to leave Mr. Shubert now just when he is getting his money back.

Wednesday. Stanley is here, he caught a train just after he telephoned, he has been urging me not to go back on the stage.

He says he will pay for my divorce and give me everything I want and when I get the divorce he says he will marry me.

He brought some more jewelry, a diamond and a platinum wrist watch. It is very nice. He has put a Locomobile at my disposal all the time I am in New York.

After all I have to get a divorce and divorces cost money and Stanley loves me and has the money so I guess maybe I had better do what he says.

Mr. Shubert's next show might be a flop and then he would lose some more money so maybe I am saving him a lot by quitting.

Anyway I do not think I would stay on the stage very long, it is very hard work.

Stanley Joyce goes back to Chicago, leaving Peggy snugly comfortable in her own flat, with a limousine, chauffeur and maid, charge accounts at all the stores, a florist delivering fifty dollars worth of flowers daily; and begins divorce proceedings on her behalf. These proceedings drag on for seven months, and during that time Joyce lived in Chicago and Peggy in New York. Entries in the diary are scarce and unimportant during the seven months, except for two or three.

Tuesday. Hopkins is fighting like a dog to keep me. I do not think it is very fair of him because after all we have not been living together for three years and he should not begrudge me my freedom. I think that is terrible.

Friday. I have met a wonderful man from Kansas City named Gene B——. Curiously enough he

is also in the lumber business. He comes to see me quite often and sends me flowers and presents, not as nice as Stanley's though, and he says he loves me and wants to marry me.

Well I like him very much too and everyone tells me what a wonderful husband he will make, but after all I cannot leave Stanley after all he has done for me, it would not be fair however much I liked Gene.

So I have told Gene that I like him as a friend but I cannot ever be more to him than that, and he was very sad, and when he went, I cried.

There is also another man very attentive to me whose name I cannot mention because he is married, not even in my diary, because one day it might be found and it would cause trouble.

But he is one of the richest men in New York and is supposed to be a friend of Stanley's, only I do not think he can be a very good friend when he tries to steal Stanley's sweetheart, can he?

Rich men are not as loyal as poor men to their friends.

I will be loyal to Stanley because he has been so good to me, but I do not love him yet.

I am wondering if I am really mercenary? Per-

haps I am but it is better to be mercenary than miserable.

Wednesday. Stanley has just telephoned about the divorce and says it is going to be granted soon. He has sent me a wonderful fur coat because winter is coming and I really could not wear the old one again.

We are going to Palm Beach!

Wednesday. We are on the train to Florida and I have been thinking things over and I cannot decide whether I am doing right or wrong when I abandon the stage and give up my career for Stanley.

Of course I have tried Society life before and it wasn't so bad and I do love luxury and pretty things and Stanley really is in love with me and has been a dear, still I am worried because I am afraid I will never be a great actress now but just a rich wife like thousands of others in New York and Chicago. Perhaps I shall never act on Broadway again.

A girl never seems to have the chance to be herself like a man has.

Anyway a man can make anything out of his

life he wants to but a girl is just pulled here and there like a spool of thread, she keeps on going along but now and then there is a tangle.

How can a girl be expected to think of everything? And if she doesn't think of everything something will happen one day and there will be a Tragedy.

Anyway Chicago will be nicer than Washington I think and of course we will spend a lot of time in Florida and New York and perhaps Paris.

I am crazy to see Paris and Stanley says we are going there on our honeymoon. But I suppose I must get my divorce first.

So leaving her marital affairs to be untangled by the man she is pledged to marry once the divorce is granted, Peggy goes gaily down to Palm Beach, accompanied by Aunt Ida, who lived in New York, as chaperone.

Sunday. I think Palm Beach is the loveliest place on earth but the people who live here are very clannish and snobbish and one does not meet many of them except those one has met in New York.

I know a few men here, some of them were Sherby's friends but that does not seem to matter and they are all very lovely to me and take me out to teas and dances and to Bradley's.

Bradley's is the smart gambling place here. They play roulette and other games. I think it is very foolish.

I shall never be a gambler because gamblers are suckers, if they could win Mr. Bradley would not make any money, and they say he makes a million dollars a year.

Some of the men I have been to Bradley's with have bought me chips but I never play with them.

I will never play a gambling game, but if the men want to do so for me that is their business. So one of them Jack R——, won six thousand dollars for me yesterday which I think was very nice of him.

The photographers are always snapping me here, especially on the Breakers beach, where a girl must wear stockings if she bathes. I think this is a ridiculous custom because a girl has to wear a garter belt and the salt water spoils it and also ruins expensive silk stockings. I suppose a lot of old rich ladies with hair on their legs got together and made that rule.

However I have some wonderful bathing costumes and beautiful bathing wraps and it is really not necessary to bathe actually, just sit on the beach.

I am learning to play tennis and golf and I have a bicycle. Everyone rides bicycles here, it is

quite smart, and they have little wheel chairs pushed by negroes riding bicycles which are soothing and restful.

There are lots of coconut trees here, only the coconuts are not like those we have in New York, they are green and shaped like an egg only much larger, instead of being brown and round.

S—— W—— has a yacht here and often we go out on Lake Worth, it is lovely in the evening, so warm and restful.

Stanley is in New York, he is coming here in a few days he says as soon as the divorce is granted.

I am living with my Aunt in the loveliest Hotel.

Sunday. We have moved into a hotel in Miami and I am learning to ride a bicycle again. It is so long since I have ridden one that I have nearly forgotten! It certainly made me think of the past.

The hotel we are living in is the best in the city and very smart. Florida is wonderful.

Tuesday. Aunt Ida has a telegram for me, she telephoned to the beach where I am writing in my Diary, it is from Stanley and she has opened it and

it says my divorce is granted and that Stanley is coming down as fast as he can.

I suppose Stanley will want to be married right away, well he has been wonderful to me and I hope he will be happy.

Friday. I am married!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I Acquire a Palatial Home

Friday. (later) It happened in the strangest way. I was cycling down-town doing some shopping when a big car came up at terrific speed, I was so scared I fell off my bicycle.

The car stopped and who came running back but Stanley!

And I was all cut up and bruised and dirty and blood was streaming down my face, so Stanley carried me to the car and drove like lightning.

I thought of course he was going back to the hotel or to a doctor's but instead he stopped at a Justice of the Peace and I gasped, "Where are you taking me?"

"To be married of course," said Stanley.

"But I can't be married like this," I said.

But he just carried me into the justice of the Peace and said, "Marry us please" just like that,

so there we stood, Joyce all dusty from his drive, he had come all the way from New York in two days, and me with my dress all torn and dirty and my face cut and bleeding, and we were married, so now I am Mrs. Stanley Joyce, isn't it *marvelous?*

At first I objected to be married because it was Friday and Friday is a very unlucky day but then I thought that all actresses are superstitious and since I am going to be a very rich man's wife and not an actress any more I better stop being superstitious and I consented, besides my other marriages did not happen on Friday and still they were unlucky.

After we were married we went to a hotel and I washed and I didn't feel hurt only dazed and happy and Stan said, "Well Peggy we are married now. What would you like for a wedding present?"

"Stanley I have always longed for a real home," I said.

It was just like waving a magic wand, for Stanley said instantly,

"All right darling we will get you your home right away. Where would you like to live?"

"Well I think a home in Miami out in Cocoanut Grove, would be nice to start with," I said.

"I will buy you the grandest home out in Coconut Grove," said Stanley.

Dear Diary, at last I am to have a home of my own. I am so excited and happy. Life is wonderful.

I am beginning to love Stanley. Really he has been very good to me.

Saturday. We have found our home!

Stanley did not lose a minute. He called up a real estate man and this man said there was only one place in Coconut Grove for sale, and that was the Busch home. It is very big and expensive and it is next to the mansion of William Jennings Bryan, but Stanley just said.

"Well how do you like it?"

"I am just crazy about it," I answered and I was.

"Then we will buy it," said my husband.

It is marvelous to be rich.

Sunday. I have spent all day going over my new home. Of course it will not be mine for a few days because there are formalities, but it is just as good as mine.

It is full of the most wonderful furniture, all antiques. The beds are marvelous, with great posts carved with the figures of men, and the other furniture is just as attractive, everything very old.

Some of the chairs are not very comfortable but they are valuable antiques and of course I can always buy new chairs.

I told Stanley I wanted the house just as it was with all the furniture and the agent said that the Busch family only wanted to sell the house, but Stanley said, "Tell them we won't buy the house without the furniture and we want to move in right away."

Monday. We have bought the house. The house alone cost $250,000, it is an immense house in huge grounds. I did not ask Stanley how much extra the furniture is. After all what does money matter if he loves me and is a millionaire?

I am going to sleep in the Indian bed. It used to belong to a Maharajah or somebody, that is a prince in India.

I have not seen the Deerings or Bryan who have estates here, they are very quiet and exclusive.

Wednesday. We are moving in tomorrow to our new home but I am very worried about servants, the old servants have all left because they are family retainers and I have to get all new ones.

I would like to have all Japs, they are very smart, but I have to have so many it is impossible.

So I am obliged to take what I can get and it is very funny as I have a French maid and a German maid and an Italian waiter and a Swiss cook and an Irish gardener and none of them can understand the other.

Tuesday. We have been in our new house two weeks and the antiques are going out tomorrow or as soon as I can get a decorator and some new comfortable furniture.

I don't care how much they cost and antiques may be antiques, but when a chair breaks and lets fall on the floor your most prominent guest what does it matter if it costs a million?

Of course maybe I shouldn't have given a dinner party so soon but after all it was my house and I wanted to show what a good housekeeper I was so we invited David Joyce and his wife and Ella Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Brane from Chicago who

are very exclusive and rich, and I showed them the place and everyone thought it was wonderful, especially the antiques.

So I was very embarrassed when Mr. Brane who is a little heavy sat down suddenly on the most valuable chair and it broke.

He got up at once and laughed but I was very mortified.

After dinner the strangest thing happened. David called up and said he had seen some strange men lurking around the house and if I was clever I would go with Stanley to a hotel in Miami for the night as I had nearly half a million dollars worth of jewels in the house and there was a report in the papers that morning that there had been some robberies in the neighborhood and there were some desperate men in Miami who would stop at nothing.

So we did but I did not see any men.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

And Then I Took Up Golf

Friday. The decorator has come and listened to all my plans for the new furniture and will submit them to me for approval tomorrow.

Saturday. The decorator has submited his plans and of course has not done a single thing I wanted, but why argue with decorators?

Monday. I wish Stanley was not so enthusiastic about golf. Golf is very tiring. I can dance all night but it is very tiring walking up and down hill after a silly ball.

I do not tell Stanley this however because he really has been wonderful, he has bought me the cutest set of clubs, all mounted in silver with my initials.

I think golf is bad for my disposition however, as of course we quarrel like anything on the course.

Yesterday my ball went in among some rocks and I lifted it out and put it on the grass where I could hit it better and Stanley was sore and said, "So that's the way you win is it?"

Well I think a gentleman would want a lady to win anyway and how could I hit the ball with it lying among some rocks without breaking my clubs?

So he said that cost me one stroke and I cried and quit and I think golf is a stupid game anyway. I will not play it again. My maid can have my clubs.

Saturday. Some one has been sending me the most impolite notes about my monkeys, not abusive of course but very curt and bitter, and considering I have never met him socially I think it is very bad taste on their part.

Besides can I change the direction of the wind? If it blows from my monkey house into his bedroom window today, tomorrow it may blow from his bedroom window to the monkey house. Can I do anything about that?

There is no other place to put my monkey house

anyway, and I cannot keep my monkeys in the house very well, can I?

I do not see why anyone should object to my monkeys, they are very nice monkeys, very expensive, and they do not smell as bad as all that.

I will not take my monkey house from where it is. Anyone who doesn't like it can move away.

And anyway some people are more objectionable than any monkey. I like people but I like monkeys too. I don't see why monkeys haven't a right to live as well as anyone else.

I shall do nothing about my monkeys.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

How to Get a Pearl Necklace

Tuesday. I wonder whether Stan would buy me a pearl necklace?

He wants to build a yacht which I think is silly besides I get seasick.

Thursday. Stan was telling me about his plans for a sea-yacht but he has given them up.

He said it would cost $350,000, so I sat on his knee and petted him a bit and said, "Yes you will spend $350,000 at first, but that will only be a starter, you will have to keep up the yacht and pay the crew and the coal and everything and it will cost you $100,000 a year at least.

He did not say anything but he looked thoughtful so I said, "But if you take the $350,000 and buy me a pearl necklace it will be a wonderful in-

vestment because you can always sell it, maybe for more than you paid, and there is no upkeep."

Well he objected a little but I still sat on his knee and petted him and repeated my arguments and finally he gave in.

I am to have my necklace, he is sending to New York for a jeweler to come here right away.

I am so happy. And really I think I am doing the right thing. Besides, I am always seasick on yachts and a pearl necklace will be wonderful.

As the Joyces were not to have a yacht, obviously a dock was not needed, so in place of the existing dock Peggy built a marble swimming pool framed in coconut palms and grafted orchids. It looked as though Peggy's dream of a home and happiness was realized. But—well, soon the trail leads to Paris, Deauville, and—?

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I Have My First Quarrel With Joyce

Tuesday. The swimming pool is nearly finished and it is a pity the season is nearly over because it is going to be the loveliest pool in the south.

James Deering was over to see the work the other day and he said it would be perfect. I told him that Stanley had really meant to build a dock where the pool is, but as he had bought me a pearl necklace instead of buying a yacht what was the use of a dock?

Besides it is very smart to have a swimming pool.

I am having orchids grafted on the trees around the pool; they will be very lovely. I have been to that place near the aligator farm and have bought ten more monkeys, and the monkeys will play in the trees only I hope they will not spoil the orchids.

The monkeys smell a little bit of course but really one can't have everything and they are so cute.

Everybody thinks the monkeys are cute, except David, Stanley's brother, and he laughed and said, "Why don't you get some aligators and put them in the pool?" He is so silly sometimes.

Saturday. Stanley was down to the pool with me and he looked at the orchids and said, "Gee, they smell awful," but he was talking about the monkeys and only really in fun.

The pool was going to cost $50,000 but the bill will be $80,000 because the marble is so expensive.

I have also bought a lot of white leghorn chickens because eggs are so expensive and anyway they are the smartest kind of chickens, everybody has them.

Sunday. Stanley and I have had the most terrible fight, really it is our first big argument and of course it was because he is so jealous. I cannot understand why men get so jealous but I suppose a girl would not like her husband *never* to be jealous.

We were at the beach and I was wearing a new

bathing suit and robe and everyone was admiring me and suddenly a society photographer came up and asked me to pose.

Well it was a compliment of course and everyone else was posing, that is all the beautiful women were, so I said I would, and while I was posing Stanley came up and knocked the camera down and pushed the photographer in the water.

"You are making an exhibition of yourself," he said to me.

"Well what do you think you are doing?" I asked.

I was terribly mad because everyone had seen Stan push the poor man in the water and that was terrible just as I was beginning to get in society and everything.

Well I wish you could have heard what I told Stanley when we got home. He will not do it again in a hurry.

I am positive Mrs. Dodge saw him hit the photographer, I wonder what she will think?

So I told Stanley that as he could not behave I had decided to leave him and go back to New York, and he was terribly sorry and apologetic and said he was sorry and if I wanted to go to New

York he would take me there but for heaven's sake I must not leave him.

Well of course I had not really meant to leave him but now he is not sure of me perhaps he will behave better and only be jealous in a proper way.

Wednesday. We are going to Paris!

I am really awfully thrilled. We are leaving here on Monday and going to New York where we will stay a little while so I can get a few fur coats and little things I need, and then we will go on the biggest boat we can find because I will not get so seasick on a big boat as I would on a littler one.

Stanley did not want to go to Paris as he has been there, but I said everyone we knew was going to Europe so of course we must go too.

"But I have to go back to Chicago, what about my business?" said Stanley.

"Well of course if you think more of your silly business than you do of me and my happiness why then go to Chicago," I said, "Only I am going to Paris."

Naturally he would not let me go to Paris alone because of all those Frenchmen, so he says we can go to Paris together and spend a few weeks there.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

How to Spend a Million a Week

Monday. We are in New York at the St. Regis and Stanley is making a rush trip to Chicago to arrange his business so we can go to Paris.

"I will need a few things for the voyage," I said to him.

"Well charge them," he told me, "But here is a check for $10,000 in case you need some cash."

Stanley is really very thoughtful sometimes, it is a pity he is so jealous.

Wednesday. I am having a heavenly time buying things.

This morning I went into Black Starr & Frost and thanked them for the necklace which is really perfect and Mr. Black showed me some more jewels, there was one wonderful diamond necklace and I

said I would like to try it on so I put it around my neck and really it looked wonderful so I bought it. It was $200,000, which is not so much after all as I can always sell it for more in a few years.

Mr. Black is a distinguished man and a great jeweler. I wonder how it would feel to be married to a big jeweler like Mr. Black?

I should think it would be wonderful because then a person could wear all the jewels she wanted and they would not cost her anything.

Sunday. Stanley is back, he has brought me a diamond pin and two diamond bracelets, and at first I did not like to tell him about the necklace, but finally I said,

"Stanley there is a divine diamond necklace that Mr. Black showed me and it is not very expensive."

"How much did you pay for it?" he said.

"I did not say I had bought it," I said.

"I know you didn't say so," he said, "but how much was it?"

"Two hundred thousand," I answered, "but Mr. Black said——"

"That's a lot of money," said Stanley.

So I cried and said well if he didn't love me

enough to pay a few dollars for an old diamond necklace he could keep his money and I would leave him because that showed we could never be happy together and I could go back on the stage and be a great actress and buy my own diamond necklaces. Anyway how could a girl be happy with a husband that denies her everything she wants?

"Peggy, I didn't mean it," said Stanley, "You can have the necklace of course, have you been buying anything else?"

"Only a few dresses and coats," I said.

"What kind of coats?" he asked.

"Well you cannot expect your wife to go to Paris without a decent coat, can you?" I asked him.

"What was it, sable?" he demanded.

"Of course it was sable, at least that one was sable," I said.

"And how much did you pay for that?" he asked.

"I did not pay for it I charged it," I said, "you see I could not very well help buying the coats because Joseph where I bought them is Lee Shubert's brother-in-law and Lee has really been divine to me."

"Who are his other sisters married to?" said Stan but he had to laugh.

"Well," he said, "what did you pay for it?"

"Which one?" I asked.

"My god have you been buying out a fur store?" said Stanley.

"Well if a girl can't buy herself a few things when she is going to Paris without being questioned by her husband who is a millionaire," I said, "What is the use of being married to a millionaire or going to Paris?"

So finally I told him the sable coat was only $65,000 and really quite cheap considering, and the chinchilla was a real bargain, only $30,000 because I bought the chinchilla from Madame Frances and she let me have it cheap because I had been buying some other things, a few dresses and hats.

It is funny how people think that chinchilla is the most expensive fur when Russian sable is twice as dear; Chinchilla is really only a fur to be worn at night and it is not nearly as durable as sable.

"Say young lady," said Stanley, "Do you know that you have been only in New York a week and that you have spent close on a million dollars?"

"Well you told me to get what I needed and you are a millionaire, aren't you?" I retorted.

"Yes, but I won't be if you spend a million every week or even every month," said my husband.

So I cried some more and said that it proved he did not really love me because he was always talking about money and really I was not interested in money at all.

"No," he said, "I see you are not."

"I think you are hateful," I said, "and I will never speak to you again."

So then he said he loved me and didn't mean anything he said and then he told me we were sailing next Saturday on the France, which is one of the biggest ships on the ocean. We are to have the bridal suite.

Stanley is not a bad husband only a little funny about financial matters and he is a dear even if he is jealous.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Paris—and a Diamond Tiara

Monday. If ever a person gets feeling and thinking that men are smarter than God, with their skyscrapers and automobiles and scientific marvels, let her go to sea and she will soon change her mind.

If men cannot make a ship steady after all these years they have had to experiment they needn't be so proud.

The sea is terribly rough and I am sick.

Stanley has brought me some champagne and between champagne and aspirin I feel a little better but the stewardess keeps bringing in fruit and sandwiches, I could kill her. All she can say is "wewe."

I think French is a silly language. Why cannot they talk English like other people? I should think the war would have shown the French how useful

English is and the government would have made all the Frenchmen learn it.

Stanley told me he could talk French and he does but it doesn't do any good because they don't understand him.

I am sorry I ever came. Stanley isn't a bit sympathetic and he is even jealous of this Diary. I asked him why he didn't go and find the captain and *do* something instead of standing around like a chump and he only said,

"What do you mean do something?"

"Well," I said, "you can't tell me the captain has to let the ship rock like this all the time. I should think he could stop it for a minute anyway, if he knew his business, I bet an American captain could."

So Stanley said, "You are not too sick to write in that diary, are you?" but anyway Stanley said he would go and ask the captain but when he came back it was two hours later and he said he hadn't been able to find the captain but the bartender had told him we would soon be in calm weather.

Tuesday. The boat doesn't rock nearly as much now but I am still sick because we are in a fog and

the foghorn is just over my head and goes off every two minutes. I don't see why they have to blow it so often especially during the night when people want to sleep.

Thursday. We had a masquerade Ball last night it was lots of fun and I did not have a costume to masquerade in so I went as myself in a black lace gown and everybody there said I looked wonderful. We had a lot of champagne and I met the captain, he is a solemn little fellow called Maurras and doesn't talk very much English.

There are a lot of people on board we know and some men I met before I married Stanley. They are wonderful dancers.

Stanley said, "I wonder which one they think is your husband, certainly they don't think it is me because you only danced with me once."

"Well," I said, "you dance so badly, and anyway a girl can dance with her husband any time."

Well we had a fight and I cried and I have a good mind to go right back home on the next boat.

Or I will get a Paris divorce. I wonder how much they cost? A girl told me all you have to do is ask

for a divorce and smile at the judge and he gives it to you. Paris must be a wonderful place to live.

Friday. We are landing tomorrow morning at Havre, which is quite near Paris.

I hope Stanley is not going to be impossible all the time in Paris, life won't be worth living if he is. After all because a girl is married does not mean she must never talk or dance with another man as he seems to think.

I merely asked a man on the boat to call on us in Paris and Stanley said, "yes, do, won't you?" but after the man had left he turned to me and was positively insulting.

"I thought we were on our honeymoon," he said, "I don't see why you have to go inviting every man you meet to visit you."

"Why he is an awfully nice fellow and anyway you were there when I invited him," I answered.

"Well if he comes I will probably throw him out," said Stanley.

"Why don't you shut me up in a castle and keep me there?" I asked. "You don't want a wife you want a slave."

So he got mad and I cried some more and I just know things can't keep on like this.

I shall go mad.

I wonder if all Frenchmen wear beards? The captain on the ship does. I do not like men who wear beards. But I suppose a girl could get used to them, like the wives of the Mormons in Salt Lake City.

Sunday. Well here we are in Paris and in our suite at the Meurice Hotel, which is one of the smartest hotels in Paris.

We got in late at night and I was terribly tired but Stanley kept on complaining about every suite they showed us and we went parading about the hotel from floor to floor until I thought I would go crazy.

Finally they showed us one corner suite and Stanley was satisfied. He is terrible about such things. If he doesn't get what he wants on a ship or in a hotel he gets mad and I daren't say a word.

This morning I woke up early and thought there was a parade going by judging from the noise but when I got to the window and looked out it was only the taxi cab horns tooting.

Stanley went out early too and when he came

back he kissed me and gave me a package, it was a diamond ring.

"I am sorry I was mad yesterday," he said.

Well I hope he gets mad every day if he is going to buy me a diamond ring every time!

We are going to the races this afternoon, everyone goes to the races here, it is the smart thing to do.

Monday. The races were lovely only very tiring. Stanley bet a thousand francs on each race for me and when I won he would give me the winnings and I won three times. I like betting on the races if I don't have to use my own money, it is quite thrilling.

People here do not go to the races to watch the races, they stand about behind the stands and talk about one another and watch each other's clothes.

Stanley says I was the smartest woman there. They wanted to take my picture but I was afraid Stanley would object and create a scene like he did at Miami that time so I refused.

We were in a jewelry shop to-day about some settings that need to be fixed and in a show case

was the loveliest diamond Tiara, with at least two hundred diamonds and one large one.

I showed it to Stanley.

"It wouldn't suit you," he said.

"Well of course I wasn't dreaming of buying it," I said, "but I have always wanted a diamond tiara, everybody in society has one."

"Madame would look magnifique with the tiara," said the salesman who was most distinguished and very polite.

But Stanley said we would be late for lunch so we left and went to Ciro's.

Ciro's was quite smart with lots of people we knew and also many Italians and Frenchmen.

Tuesday. If husbands were clever they would never let us see them in the morning because that is the time a woman thinks.

I lie awake sometimes in the morning or early afternoon because we do not rise generally before two and I look at Stanley in the other bed and "My God," I think, "Whatever made me marry that." Men look awful without a shave.

We nearly always have a headache when we wake up in the morning and Stanley orders a pint of

champagne but I do not like champagne the morning after in fact I am not ready to take anything except aspirin before cocktail time which is six o'clock.

The noise is terrible, we cannot sleep in the mornings if the windows are open because of the taxi cabs, you would think they would wear their horns out.

So Stanley is coming to know me and generally manages to get up and out while I am still asleep or at least while I pretend to be asleep.

He has not very good taste in Pajamas, I am going to that big shop in the big square near here and buy him some.

Wednesday. Stanley got jealous last night because I danced with a boy I knew at the So Different which is a smart cafe here run by a woman named Maxwell who is very jolly and social though fat.

We had a terrible fight when we got home and the manager came in this morning and said he was sorry he would have to move us because the people in the next rooms had been complaining they could not sleep.

So we have changed into another suite, which is also a corner, only this time two sides are on the street and the others on a corridor and a concrete wall so when we get mad next time there will not be any complaints.

Stanley was *very* mad, so mad that he said he was going to have a chaperone for me so I said that would be fine because then he would not have to be with me all the time. So he said, "Well that proves that you do not love me," and I was mad and said, "Of course I don't love you, you are too jealous."

So I cried and he did not speak to me any more last night but he went out early this morning, I hope he buys me another diamond ring.

Friday. The diamond Tiara came this morning and it is lovely, only very heavy and quite hard to wear as I have to keep my head up all the time, I don't dare bend.

Everybody is going to Deauville so we are going there too to-night and I will wear my diamond tiara in the Casino, which is where they gamble.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

So We Go to Deauville

Deauville—the diamond rock on which so many American romances have split. Cards, champagne, the feverish atmosphere of gilded halls of chance. How Peggy loved it!

Saturday. Deauville is the most fascinating place I have ever seen; nearly everyone I know in New York seems to be here, which isn't so good because men will keep raising their hats and talking to me and some even say "hello Peggy" which makes Stanley mad.

I told him today I could not help it if men admired me.

"I have often wondered about it myself," I told him. It is perfectly true, total strangers will call up on the telephone and some of the Frenchmen and South Americans here make all sorts of silly excuses to talk to me.

Today at Ciro's a sleek dark-haired boy, very good looking but rather young came up to the table where Stanley and I were sitting and he bowed and said, "Pardon me, but this is Mrs. Joyce isn't it?"

"Well what do you want?" growled Stanley before I could even open my mouth. I never believe in snubbing people, unless they are really offensive, and this boy seemed to be very nice and gentle and quite polite and he had the loveliest eyes. After all if people are polite to you why be mean? I never believe in being rude to people if they are polite to me.

Well the boy was a little bit worried over Stanley's manner but he said, "I believe Mrs. Joyce and I have met before and I was going to ask you both whether you would join us at a dinner I am giving at the Casino tonight."

"Where did you meet Mrs. Joyce before?" asked Stanley, and he was getting red. I knew he was mad and I was afraid of a scene so I did not say anything, but I smiled at the boy because I could see he was very embarrassed.

"Why, in—New York," he said. "At the—the Colony."

Well it was quite possible because I often lunched at the Colony and met loads of people but I think

if I had met this boy before I would have remembered him, he was so handsome.

"Thank you, but we are engaged this evening," said Stanley. I could have killed him.

But at the races I was talking to Fanny Ward and the boy came up and said hello to Fanny and Fanny said, "Why here's Bobbie Aguerro—do you know Mrs. Joyce?" And he was terribly shy so I said, "Yes we met before in New York, didn't we?"

"No," he said, "We didn't. I have never been to New York but I have wanted to meet you ever since I saw you in Paris last week."

That is the sort of thing that goes on all the time and it is quite exciting and of course I could not get mad because what girl could get mad when a handsome looking fellow like that pays her such a compliment besides he was so polite and after all we had been properly introduced by Fanny.

Fanny is so astounding, she did not look a day over twenty-five and she must be over—I wonder? She tells every one how lovely it is to be a grandmother.

I wish I was going to Mr. Aguerro's party tonight. He is an Argentine and very rich, Fanny says. He went over to the Polo Field for tea after

the races and he was playing, he is a wonderful rider and made two goals.

Sunday. It was simply marvellous last night at the Casino, and that boy Aguerro I met at the races was trying to get my eye because he wanted to dance with me, but I did not dare invite him over because Joyce would have been mad.

Really I would not care if Stanley was a good dancer but when a husband is not a good dancer he should let his wife dance with other men occasionally. A lot of other American men here hire professional dancers to dance with their wives because they cannot dance well and they pay them for dancing too and here I could dance with some very good dancers and it would not cost Stanley anything and he objects.

I was wearing my diamond tiara and some of my other jewels including the new pearl necklace and people kept staring at me.

A funny old man, very distinguished looking and with a long drooping blonde mustache stopped by the table and bowed and Stanley introduced him.

It was the Marquis de Castellane, who married Anna Gould. They say he was very handsome once.

He has a very penetrating stare with his blue eyes and it makes you feel a little uncomfortable but he is very polite and kissed my hand and said, "Madame is the loveliest lady in the room."

When he had gone Joyce laughed and said, "he says that to every woman," but I do not believe it, he looked as if he meant it when he said it to me. I think it was horrid of Stanley.

I was introduced to a lot of other people. There was Erskine Gwynne, a nephew or cousin or something of old Mrs. Vanderbilt. He is very young and full of fun and thinks he is a devil with the women.

He danced a lot with Jean Nash, the one they call "The best dressed woman in the world". Well they may call her that and she seems quite nice but nobody ever heard of her in New York.

There was the ex-King of Portugal at a table near us, with his wife, and he looks more like a delicatessen merchant than a King.

He was sitting with another man that Stanley said was Solly Joel the diamond King of England.

I wonder how it would feel to be married to a diamond King?

I think it would be nicer to be married to a diamond king than a real king especially if he looked like Manuel because anyway if there was a

revolution or anything the real king might lose everything, even his life but a diamond king would still have his diamonds.

We went into the gambling rooms after dinner, it was quite exciting as we had to produce our passports and papers to get in.

Inside there was a tremendous crowd gathered about the tables playing "shimmy" which is a kind of a card game. There must have been about forty tables and several thousand people playing or drinking at the long bar.

Stanley did not want to play and of course I do not approve of gambling for myself so we went to the bar and we met some more people we knew and had some champagne.

The bartender's name is Fred and he is quite a character in Deauville and knows everyone by their first names.

While at the bar I was introduced to Henri Letellier who is one of the owners of the Casino and the Normandy Hotel where we are staying. He is rather a sad looking man but has charming manners and he was exquisitely dressed. It seems that young Gwynne is his private secretary.

Mr. Letellier has asked us to dinner but Stanley

did not accept, he said he would let him know later. Really Stanley is imposible sometimes.

They say Letellier is frightfully rich and that he gives a pearl necklace to a different woman every six months. He is a very nice man.

Wednesday. Everything has been so exciting that I have not had time to write in my diary for several days and I would not be writing now except that a very important thing has happened.

I am so mad I can hardly see straight and I am through with Joyce. This is what happened——

We went to the Casino restaurant and I wore the tiara and Maurice was dancing with Leonora Hughes. Well I knew Leonora and Maurice and they came over and were introduced, but Stanley did not ask them to sit down which I thought was peculiar.

Later on after they had danced Maurice came over and bowed and asked me to dance and I was just getting up when Joyce said "sit down!" and sort of pushed me so that I sat down hard and the tiara slipped off my head and came down on my nose cutting it quite badly.

Well of course I got up perfectly furious and

left the restaurant with my handkerchief to my face all bloody and Joyce followed protesting he hadn't meant it but I would not answer him at all, just kept right on going until I reached the hotel which fortunately is just across the street from the Casino.

When I got to our suite I went to my bedroom and Joyce followed me in still talking.

"Get out!" I said.

But he did not go out and I guess I lost control of myself and I just flew at him and I guess he must be a sight today. He has not left his room yet and his valet said that he would not go out for a week.

Well all I can say is I am glad. I am sorry I lost my temper but after all he deserved it. My nose is all scratched from the tiara and looks terrible, but I am not going to stay in when there is so much to do.

Mr. Aguerro called up and asked if I could join his party to lunch and I think I shall go.

What if Joyce does find out? I should worry what he says, he has already acted as bad as he can and besides I am going to get divorce.

If there is one thing I cannot stand in a man it is jealousy.

I suppose Stanley will come along with another jewel and expect me to make up with him.

Well all I can say is that it will take more than a diamond bracelet this time.

Jewels—money—champagne—every luxury—a millionaire husband—Deauville in the height of the season—yet, a wistful note will creep in!

Thursday. This is a wonderful place and I am having a splendid time, but somehow this morning I wish I was out of it all and in some quiet place where I could rest.

Sometimes a small home and a husband with a job and maybe children looks pretty good to me.

Money and luxuries don't bring happiness but they do bring worries. I find myself growing irritable and nervous.

I grow so tired of worrying about my appearance— Life seems one long round of trying on new dresses and hats. I sometimes change my clothes as often as seven times a day. In this place you have got to be smart—or drop out. There is no other reason for being here.

Thank god I don't have to worry about my diet like so many women I know. I guess I am one of those girls who will never grow fat.

Henri Letellier told me last night that I was his ideal woman—tall, blonde, slender and erect. He says I can wear clothes better than any woman he knows. "I would like to dress you," he said.

He says he designs the clothes for any woman he is interested in and they always look smart.

He was with a girl named Jacqueline last night. She wore a magnificent pearl necklace Letellier gave her. She is beautiful, but Letellier told me I was more beautiful then her because I carried myself better. "You walk like a Princess should walk," he said.

Well, when a woman has good looks she might as well make the most of them.

A girl should study herself before she tries to study men or other girls. She should experiment with herself.

Sometimes I try twenty hats with one gown before I select the right one.

I know the way my hair suits the shape of my head and I have asked all the various hairdressers I have been to to do it that way. I've had to learn how to walk, and talk, and gesture with my hands.

A girl isn't just born with the ability to do everything right. It is easy to be born beautiful but it

isn't easy to keep beautiful or have the elegance that should go with beauty.

There is one thing though—I don't spend hours making up my face. Why women use so much rouge and so many creams and powders is more than I can understand. They only make your face flabby and spoil your complexion.

A little cold cream now and then after a cold or windy day, a dab of powder and lip rouge is all I ever use.

I don't know whether I did a wise thing in marrying Stanley. We don't really love each other like a wife and husband should. It's not much more than a strong infatuation on his part.

Of course he has given me money, jewels, and a social standing but after all I have some talent and I might have been a big star on the stage if I had kept on.

Then it would have been my work that would have made me, not Joyce's millions. I wonder if I would have been happier on Broadway than I am here now in Deauville?

I wonder if I shall ever go back to Broadway and the theatre? Probably I shall.

I don't think I was born to be happy as a society woman. I knew that even way back in Washington

when I was married to Sherby, but it was different then too. I hadn't given up a career, then.

Tuesday. We returned to Paris yesterday, by car. There is a wonderful road through Normandy but it was raining.

Joyce is acting strangely. Ever since that affair in the Casino he hasn't been the same. He still says he loves me and sometimes he is quite violent about it, but there is something different in his attitude.

Today I told him that Henri Letellier had invited us to his house Saturday night for dinner and a ball afterward and I expected him to flare up and say we would not go, because he does not like Letellier, but he didn't say anything.

Wednesday. Stanley told me today that he received cables from Chicago telling him he must return for a few weeks on some big deal.

"That's it, you promise me three months' honeymoon in Europe and as soon as we get here and you see me enjoying myself you want to take me back," I said.

"Why, there is no reason you should come back

with me," he said. "You can stay here and I will be right back in a few weeks."

I could not believe my ears.

"YOU will let ME stay here all alone?" I asked.

"Why not? You think I don't trust you, but I do, and I will prove it. I will leave you here in Paris with just a woman companion who can interpret for you and help you shop and so forth, and you can write me every week about what a good time you are having."

Well, it was so unlike Joyce that all I could do was stand there and gape at him.

"It certainly is strange to me that you can go away and leave me alone when only a few days ago you could not even bear to see me dance with another man," I said.

And it *was* strange. I could not believe Stan had stopped loving me.

"Well you cured me of that," he said and laughed.

So it is settled, he is to sail on Friday and it seems he has already gotten me a woman companion and he is going to have her come so I can see whether I like her.

It will be heavenly being in Paris alone and able to go out and have a good time without being afraid

of my husband, but I cannot understand his attitude.

I know Stanley, and this is not natural.

Has he stopped loving me?

What is his object?

Why the sudden change?

I wish I knew.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Joyce Leaves Me in Paris— But Starts Suit in Chicago

Peggy soon found out! Already her woman's intuition, coupled with her knowledge of her husband, had warned her something was afoot, but she little dreamed that the "something" would make her for many months the most miserable—and the most talked-about—woman in America. The diary tells of her first awakening.

Friday. Something extraordinary has happened. I had a letter from Stanley today from New York. It was very short and did not say much except that he would not be able to return to Paris for several weeks and perhaps two months.

He said if I loved him I would have returned, which is very unjust seeing he left me here himself and kept wiring and writing that he would return.

His letter was not full of love and adjectives

like most of his other letters and he did not close it with his usual "Your most loving husband Stan," but just "aff'y yours."

I was just wondering whether he had met another girl when the maid brought me a card, it was a calling card of an American newspaper correspondent.

I could not think what he wanted so I told him to come up, although I was in bed.

The reporter was very nice and asked me if I could tell him anything about my divorce.

"Why my divorce is over and done with months ago and I am married again to Mr. Joyce," I said.

"Well of course I knew that," he said, "but I mean your divorce from Mr. Joyce."

"You must be crazy," I said, "I am not divorcing Mr. Joyce."

"There must be some mistake then, Mrs. Joyce," he said, "and I apologise, but I got this cable this morning from my office in New York and I had to ask you about it."

"Let me see the cable," I said.

He handed it to me and it read: HAVE TIP STANLEY JOYCE MILLIONAIRE LUMBERMAN CHICAGO SUING WIFE FORMERLY PEGGY HOPKINS NEW YORK BEAUTY FOR DIVORCE STOP PEGGY NOW HOTEL DU RHIN PARIS GET STATEMENT.

Well, of course I was furious and frightfully worried but I did not say anything, just laughed.

"I only got a letter from Mr. Joyce this morning," I said, "saying that he has been detained but will be back to join me here in a few weeks. You can read it if you like."

But he bowed and thanked me and said anything I said was Okay with him and he would send a cable that I denied the divorce.

He was very polite and all smiles.

Why is it all newspaper men are nice? Is it because they know so much more about life than other people and realize there is no use being grouchy?

Saturday. It is all true.

That man has played a trick on me. He deliberately left me here in Paris so he could file suit for a divorce in Chicago.

My lawyer has cabled me that Stanley has filed a brief accusing me of being unfaithful and mentioning a lot of names of men such as Henri Letellier and some one I never heard of.

It is so stupid and silly I can hardly believe it.

I have gone to a lot of parties given by Letellier of course and he has taken me out to dinner once or

twice but that is simply because he seems to like to be seen with me. He says I wear clothes so well. And I like to be with him because he is always so correct and polite and really very charming once you know him.

It is ridiculous to say I have had an *affaire du coeur* with Letellier.

Monday. I cabled over about the jewels I left in the safe-deposit box in New York and my lawyer says Joyce has taken them.

Well of course he had a key to the box and a right to open it and the jewels were given to me by him but I think it was a low trick to take them back like that without even telling me about it. Thank God I have most of my jewelry over here.

I am so mad I am ill and have had to have a doctor.

Wednesday. I asked Henri if I should return to the United States and he said, "Well if you want to fight the case I suppose you must."

"Of course I want to fight the case," I said.

"Well it won't come up for a long while yet,"

he said. "I was thinking of motoring to Rome tomorrow. Why don't you come with me? The trip will do you good and Rome is wonderful."

"All roads lead to Rome," said my companion, and laughed that silly snigger of hers. I hate that woman. I am beginning to think she was just put here by Joyce as a spy. I bet she has been sending him information about every move I make. Henri thinks so too.

I am going to fire her.

Thursday. We are leaving this afternoon for Rome but I am not going with Letellier.

I told him that I had to be very careful now that Joyce is suing for divorce and probably has detectives on my trail, so he said, "Well I have several cars, you can go in one of them with your companion and your maid and I will follow in another. I promise I won't get nearer than five hundred yards."

There certainly cannot be any harm in that, so I have consented.

Saturday. We are at Avignon, which is a queer

old place with a stream running down the street and water-wheels turning which do all the work in the houses and provide the power.

There is only one hotel, the Hotel de l'Europe, but Henri is at the other end of the corridor. Anyway I fired the companion and my maid is French.

It was funny how Henri kept his word about the automobiles. All through the trip I could see him exactly 500 yards behind, never coming any closer and never any further, except of course for meals which we had at funny country inns that Henri knew.

He is an extraordinary man. His cars are Farmans with bodies designed by himself. The back seats pull out and when the cushions are lifted there is a complete bed beneath, with pillows, sheets, blankets and even hot water bottles. He calls them his "couchettes" and uses them for long night journeys with two chauffers.

And when he goes to a restaurant he has never been to before he will not eat until he has been to the kitchen and been shown the food and told the cook how to cook it.

He does not eat much or drink anything except a glass of wine now and then but he certainly knows

more about food and wines than any man I have ever met.

Naples. Henri has asked me to marry him after the Joyce divorce and I have not said no, only asked to think it over.

I like him very much and he is very good to me but I do not know whether I would like him as a husband.

We went to Pompeii yesterday and Henri had them show me the "forbidden rooms". I didn't see anything so terrible about the drawings everybody says are so awful. They did not amuse me.

On Board Aquitania. Well, I am on my way back to find out all about the divorce. Henri and I motored up from Rome and he saw me off at Cherbourg.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Unmarried Again

Still liking and respecting Henri Letellier, "Europe's most finished dilettante," but wavering in her mind as to whether she wants to marry him, Peggy returns to the United States, where her beautiful blonde head speedily becomes the target for such a campaign of vilification as has seldom been the lot of a woman to submit to. The Joyce lawyers were ferocious. "She only married him for his money." "She was with other men before even his back was turned." These and other accusations burst like shrapnel about her slender personality.

Tuesday. My lawyers had a conference today and I was asked to see them and one of them said:

"I think it would be better if you were entirely frank with us, Mrs. Joyce. Are any of your husband's charges untrue?"

"If you mean the lies I have been reading in the

papers that his lawyers put out, they are all untrue," I said. I was furious.

"No, I mean the specific allegations in the divorce complaint," he said. "Did you have an *affaire-du-coeur* with any or all the men he mentions?"

"I have not had an 'affair' with anyone since Mr. Joyce left me," I said. "I went out and even journeyed with other men, nothing more."

"Did they make love to you?"

"Most men make love to me," I answered, and it is true, they do. But am I to blame for that?

"How do you explain your husband's actions?" he asked.

"Joyce is of a suspicious and intensely jealous nature. He suspected in Paris that I did not love him any longer and he accused me of loving a good time more than I loved him. It was true because he had developed into such a jealous man that I could not even speak to another man unless I was prepared for a scene. It was his own fault. So he determined to test me and went away leaving a woman spy with me, and she jumped to conclusions at what she saw."

They seemed satisfied with that. They say Joyce hasn't got a chance of getting his divorce but that I have a good chance of getting one from him on

the grounds of cruelty and desertion, so they are filing a counter suit.

Friday. The papers are terrible, and the worst of it all is I cannot say or do anything.

The lawyers absolutely forbid me to speak to a reporter or even to see one, though they are after me night and day.

I cannot go anywhere without a dozen reporters and photographers getting after me.

They have said the most outrageous things about me and have made me ill. I cannot understand how Joyce can allow them when only a few months ago he could not let an hour go by without raving about how much he loved me.

Why, if the things his lawyers say about me were true I would be the wickedest woman in the world. There is one thing though, nobody who knows me will believe a word.

I am finding out my true friends now.

Tommy Hitchcock phoned this morning and he was too sweet for words. "I want you to know that none of our crowd believe a word of all this, Peggy," he said, "and we're good and sore about it." He asked if there was anything he could do to help me.

Now there's a boy I have only known casually—just been to dinners and dances with him, or where he has been, and he is worth more than a lot of men I thought were my friends.

Tommy is a happy man and he deserves to be happy because he is a fine boy. There aren't many like him. Sonny Whitney is another.

A gap ensues in the diary covering a period of about five months, during which Peggy went through the terrific ordeal of her divorce from Joyce. More than 4,000 columns were written in American newspapers about the proceedings. Only a short time before Peggy had been reading newspaper accounts of her stage career. Now this was changed into a flood of cruel publicity, much of it consisting of lies about her personal conduct. It is significant that through it all Peggy's real friends stood staunchly by her, believing none of the calumnies which were heaped upon her name. And in the end the courts vindicated her and the case settled out of court.

Thursday. It's over! We've won! I am so happy. The divorce has been granted and he has made a settlement on me which makes me independent for life. At last I am free! At last I can talk!

This terrible time has made me hate everything for awhile. I stifle here. I am going away.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

I Give My Secret Away

The diary does not mention the exact terms of the divorce settlement, which were, however, understood to have involved nearly $2,000,000. By this settlement Peggy was given title to a town house in New York, her automobiles, and her jewels.

The way was now free for her to return to her stage career, if she wished. But the terrible months of divorce wrangling had undermined her health. So again—

Friday. I sail tonight on the *Olympic.*

It is to be a secret sailing as the very idea of seeing reporters again is hateful to me. But I suppose they will find out.

A week elapses on the high seas. But Peggy is too busy enjoying her first taste of freedom to worry about writing in her Diary!

Sunday. Paris again! But this time I am free, alone, and so that I won't have any stupid memories. I'm staying at the Ritz—on the "Cambon side" as they call it.

I had determined not to give any interviews out when I arrived, and of course one reporter—the same who interviewed me before—met me at Cherbourg—was down in my cabin before I left the tender.

But he didn't ask me anything, except if there was anything he could do, which I thought was rather strange, but on the train he said we were in for a long night without sleep—it is disgraceful that they do not put any sleepers on the boat trains—and why not have a glass of champagne with him in the dining car?

Well, I did and we talked of a lot of things, and still he never asked me any questions, so I got curious and said,

"Aren't you going to interview me?" Of course I wouldn't have given him an interview anyway.

"Oh," he said, "That's all right, I've sent it."

"Sent what?" I said. "I haven't told you anything."

"Well it's like this," he said, "Your boat was signalled to arrive so late that I figured I couldn't

get the interview in time to hit my morning editions in New York. So I wrote the interview with you on the train going down and filed it at the cable office on the pier before I went out to the ship."

Did you ever hear of such nerve!

But he showed me a copy of the cable and really it was quite clever and just what I might have said. It started "Poor man for me next time said Peggy Joyce." He just called up a few moments ago to say his office in New York had cabled him congratulations.

I am going to the Riviera in a few days. Pierre is coming to fetch me, he has just wired. Everybody I know is in Cannes.

This is the first mention in the Diary of a man Peggy had met when in Paris previously, and had also known in New York. Pierre M——— was the son of a wealthy banker, was young and handsome, and evidently an ardent admirer of Peggy's.

Tuesday. Went out last night with Basil who took me to Leo Tecktonius' apartment.

Tecktonius is a pianist, a protege of Mrs. Whitney, I believe. He has a tiny flat near the Bois de Boulogne so filled with paintings and sculpture that there is hardly any room to sit down. The Princess

Eristoff was there and asked me to pose for a painting, which I consented to do.

Friday. Pierre has arrived and we are motoring to Cannes tomorrow, but as usual I will not go alone with him. I am taking a Rolls-Royce with my maid and he is following in a Hispano.

Henri Letellier is at Cannes and has telegraphed me to come. He is one of the owners of the Casino there, like at Deauville. I wonder what woman he is interested in now? I wonder if he will still like me?

Pierre is goodlooking and rich but I only like him as a good friend and he knows it. We have lots of fun together.

But Henri is different. He is older, and oh, *so* sophisticated. It seems to me that he must know everything.

Henri can design clothes better than a couturier and knows more about food than a chef. He has money invested in paying enterprises all over the world, railroads and oil wells and newspapers and champagne and even a porcelain factory.

He is the only man in the world that can make

me feel like a little girl. And he is so kind and courteous always.

They say Henri is the richest man in France and can make and break Prime Ministers. And he has always been famous for never being seen except with the reigning beauty of the day, which after all is very complimentary to me.

Peggy goes to Biarritz and Cannes, and spends the season there, her name meanwhile being much coupled with that of Letellier. Then she returns to France and suddenly—

Wednesday. Mother is ill. I have just had a cable. I shall leave on the first boat.

Dear Mother—thoughts of her fill me with such mixed memories. How thoughtless we all are and not until our parents are ill and we are afraid of losing them do we realize how much more considerate we could have been. But I am sure they understand. At least I think Mother does. I can remember the little home in Norfolk—the high-school, and the girls who didn't like me because they said I stole their beaux. Steal them! Could I help it if the boys liked me better than them? Then—that day when I ran away. The little satchel that was all my baggage—a night dress and a tooth brush and a change of underwear!

Salt Lake City, riding a bicycle. Denver, and that terrible tragedy that changed my whole life. For it *was* a tragedy, I realize that now. But for what happened in Denver I might be a happy and contented wife today.

But would I? Am I the sort ever to be a good wife to a man? Yes, I think so, if the man understands me and lets me have my way. Perhaps that sounds very selfish and self-centered. Perhaps it is. It's time to be honest with myself. I expect I have always found it hard to be honest with myself. Most people do.

I'm not sure that I'm any more selfish than other people, really. When you come to figure people out everybody is out after happiness and the thing that will give them the most satisfaction. Even people who are known as being very unselfish are that way because they have learned that it makes them happier to be. So after all they are really selfish too—giving things to people and doing things for them because they find the most happiness that way.

Perhaps I was a little spoiled by my mother and grandmother. I was a pretty child and everybody who came to see us fussed over me and and said how pretty I was. I found when I was very young that I could get candy out of people by smiling at them.

Then when I was getting to be a young lady the boys paid more attention to me than they did to other girls and I began to see how easy it was to get almost any boy I wanted to take me to places. Any girl would do it if she could. They all like attention. Only I got more of it than most. And the other girls began to say mean things about me.

So I began to see that if I was going to be myself I couldn't count much on other girls liking me. I had to depend more on myself and on men.

And I always loved pretty clothes and jewelry. I had so few clothes when I was a child and always used to long for them. I would walk down the streets of Norfolk where the stores were and look in the windows at the dresses and hats and silk underthings and long for them, and feel sad because I had only a cotton chemise and the same dress I always wore on week days. And then I would daydream and see myself dressed in the prettiest clothes there and pretend the glass in the show windows was a mirror and that the models with the silk dresses on were me looking back at me.

I think every girl feels that way and determines, as I did, to get some of the nice things in life if she can. I think that with every girl making something of herself really comes first. Some do it in one way

and some another, but the woman who settles down in a home and has a husband who understands her and stays in love with him and he with her is getting her satisfaction just as I have tried to get mine —only in a different way.

And that is mostly chance.

I suppose I have always come first with myself. But that is only saying that I am human after all, like any other woman.

It has been said of me that I care only for rich men. That isn't true. Some of my best friends have been poor. Some of the finest men and women I have known have no money at all to speak of.

But chance has thrown me among rich men. In the theatre you meet a lot of them because poor men cannot afford to come every night to see an actress they admire and cannot afford to take girls out after the show every night to buy them supper.

And I am fond of pretty clothes and jewels. What girl isn't? Is it surprising that I like to have such things bought for me?

Do these things make me happy?

Are they all I want?

I'm being honest now. I may as well go on.

Happiness means peace and contentment. And with all that I have I am not peaceful and con-

tented. I worry. I fret. I am irritable. Vanderum * said I was imperious. I suppose he meant that I was selfish and vain. I suppose I am vain. And I have been selfish lots of times. Yet God knows I help plenty of people out when they are in trouble. I can't be all wrong. Chance made me the sort of person I am and I suppose I have been spoiled by too much attention. But I have a heart and feelings as well as anybody.

Thus did Peggy Joyce give her soul away. And in such a piece of introspective writing—nearly incredible in view of her earlier style—that it stamps her as a more profound thinker than might be imagined. In one entry—she must have been inspired when she wrote it—she has answered that question of questions: "WHAT IS THE SECRET OF PEGGY JOYCE?"

* Fernand Vanderum, a noted French satirist.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Paris Again—and Tragedy

Wednesday. Mother is better. I have bought her a house and arranged things so that she will never be in want any more. Poor mother! She is bewildered at me, and I cannot blame her.

Sunday. Since I returned it has been one succession of dinner and supper parties. Contracts have been literally thrown at me. I have my choice between the Pictures at $10,000 a week, a long engagement in vaudeville at $7,500 per week, or being starred in a musical play.

I am undecided. I do not need the money, of course, and the thought of plunging into work again is not so pleasant as it might be.

I have had a number of cables from France. Henri has not actually asked me to marry him, since

that time in Naples, but—well I feel that he would do so if I gave him the slightest encouragement.

I am a little bit frightened at becoming the wife of a Frenchman.

Frenchmen understand women *too* well. A girl should never marry a man who understands women.

The difference between French men and American men is that the American man when he is speaking to a girl will always talk about himself and his business. Frenchmen always talk about the girl.

An American will be telling you how much he lost or how much he made on the market or what his score in golf was, providing it was a good score, and a Frenchman will be saying that your dress is "*ravissant*" and that your lips are a "*bouton de rose.*"

While an American is shaking cocktails for you a Frenchman is kissing your finger tips and calling you "*exquise*", "*charmante*", "*belle*", "*jolie*", "*epatante*".

A Frenchman's every other word is a caress and he treats "*l'amour*" as he calls it like a friend. When you are shocked at what he says he opens his eyes and shrugs his shoulders and asks, "*Mais, pourquoi? C'est la nature!*"

But an American stands off away from love and

is afraid of it, and even when he does nice things or says nice things to a girl he is a little ashamed of himself. With him love is just an act caused by sexual emotions he does not understand, but with a Frenchman it is an art and the principal business of life.

Henri is perhaps the most wonderful man I have ever met, but he is jealous and self-centered, and I cannot afford ever to go through again with a man what I went through with Stanley Joyce.

I hear Stanley is to marry again. I hope he will be very happy.

In spite of all the heartaches he has caused me, I can't forget that Stanley was very good to me once. I suppose you never really stop completely loving anyone you've once loved a lot.

Friday. I am sailing tonight on the Aquitania for Paris. Kathleen is coming with me. She is an awfully nice girl, and I do need somebody I can confide in and who will be a real friend.

Sunday. I am in Paris again after a short visit to London. I met Billy E—— the Chilean I knew when I was in the Follies. He has followed me here.

Friday. Life is difficult. I have repeatedly told Billy I cannot go out with him, because I know he is married and I will not come between a husband and wife that way. But he still persists. He phones me a dozen times a day and sends me flowers and presents.

Sunday. I know now that I love Billy more than I ever loved anyone but I will never let him know. It would only bring unhappiness to everyone concerned.

Wednesday. Billy follows Henri and me to every place we go. Just now in Maurice's he asked me to dance with him and I did and he said, "Will you leave Letellier for good now, and come to me?"

"Of course not, Billy," I said, "don't be silly. I can't leave a man when I have gone out to dinner with him and he has given me no excuse for doing so."

"If you loved me you would," said Billy.

I laughed it off. I am writing now at four o'clock in the morning and I am very unhappy about Billy. Why are men so difficult? After all Billy is a married man.

A sinister gap in the Diary of one day. Then—the deluge. An entry of only nineteen words spells tragedy.

Friday. Billy has shot himself. I am so ill. I am sailing home tomorrow.

I think I will go insane.

Tuesday. There is some trouble about getting Kathleen's passport visaed. But I am going home tomorrow anyway—alone if need be. The fellow who wrote "Home Sweet Home" knew what he was talking about. It isn't just the people you know best—even things seem friendly when you have known them for a long time and loved them, buildings and elevated trains and cabs. Whenever I am in trouble I want to have things I have known a long time around me. I'd like to be crossing Times Square this minute.

Later. Kathleen's pasport has been visaed and we both sail on the Olympic.

On Board the Olympic. It's good to be going home. Some people hate New York. I love it. Some people say it's a cold city. I know it has a heart of

gold. I had three wireless messages this morning from friends in New York sending love and saying they were glad I was on my way home. The messages didn't mention Billy or anything that had happened—just made me feel that the people who sent them believed in me and would be glad to see me. That's the way New York is. It knows when you want to forget things and does its best to help you forget.

Friday. Another wireless from Henri today telling me how much he misses me. Well, I miss him, too, but I am glad I sailed. A man who loves you is a big help, but he's not like old friends, because friends don't want anything from you except friendship, if they're really friends and it's different between lovers. I have found that too often you lose a friend as soon as a man says "I love you."

I don't mean to infer that Henri isn't a good friend. He is. He's one of the best friends I've ever had. But I want to be home.

I left my dogs with him. He is going to take care of them for me while I am in New York.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

I Become a Countess

Saturday. I have not been out of my suite once since I left Cherbourg. I'm not sleeping well. Kathleen is worried about me and tries to make me eat and read, but all I can do is sip a little champagne now and then.

Well it gives me a lot of time to think, only it is so difficult to think when you are tired and worried and want to get home.

I suppose I ought to be deciding what I am going to do next. Shall I marry Henri?

So many things are hard to decide. Having to make decisions is horrid. I'd rather just let things happen. Only if you do that all the time, often the wrong things happen. And there's nothing you can do about it after they've happened.

I think I should like just staying around New York for awhile without deciding what is to happen

next. If I should get a good offer to go on the stage again that will be time enough to decide whether I want to take it or not.

If I had not married Joyce I would probably have been a great actress by now. Instead of sitting in my suite on the Olympic writing this right now I would probably be hurrying to the theatre, for it is just about the time now when the girls are hurrying into their dressing rooms getting ready for the evening show.

In some ways I was happiest when I was on the stage. I had good friends among the actors and actresses and I liked the fun of seeing what the audiences were going to do. Audiences are so different in different towns, and even in the same town different nights.

But I had to marry Joyce and spoil it.

I suppose that one of the reasons my marriage to him went to smash is that we saw too much of each other and he was so jealous.

A man in love should realize that a girl wants some freedom and that there are times when she would rather not have him around.

Sometimes I think a husband ought to be kept for evenings like the theatre.

Thursday. We dock tomorrow and a wireless has just come from Earl Carroll, the theatrical producer. He says he wants to engage me as the star in the Earl Carroll Vanities and he will meet me at the pier.

I have met Earl once, I remember he was very nice. I think I would like to go on the stage again. It means hard work and that is just what I need the most to take my mind off other things.

Henri has sent me a wireless every day and wants me to return on the first boat and marry him.

Well I can go back and marry Henri and have another millionaire husband or I can go to work on the stage again and be independent.

I think I would rather work than be married again just now, but I will not tell Henri that, I will keep him guessing.

No girl should tell the man who loves her anything important, it makes him feel too important.

Henri is a dear and the best of the men who keep wanting me to marry them but I do not know if he would make a good husband. He is very jealous and he has a very strong will and he might think just because he married me he could shut me up in his Norman Castle or something. Besides he makes

me feel like a little girl and a woman cannot have the upper hand if she is made to feel childish.

Well no man has ever shut me up and no man ever will, not if I know it.

Saturday. I have been saved the necessity of having to make up my mind as to whether I should marry Henri or go on the stage again.

Henri is not reliable. I could not marry a man who is not reliable.

When I left France Henri offered to keep my dogs until I came back. Well, I have just received a cable saying my dogs are dead. If he cannot take any better care than that of my dogs how can I expect him to take care of me? Anyway I cannot marry a man who let my dogs die.

Sunday. Well I have seen Earl Carroll and really his offer is quite flattering, it is a percentage with a guarantee and if the show is a success I shall make about $5,000 per week which is more than Henri would give me, so why should I marry when I can make more myself than any man can give me?

I have told Earl I will consider the offer because

it is always best to keep these theatrical managers guessing, like husbands, but I have decided to accrept, but I will ask for more money.

Monday. I have signed the contract and Earl has given me 1 percent more than the original offer, so it didn't do any harm asking.

It never does any harm to ask for what you want and sometimes it is a good policy to ask even if you do not want a thing because it is always better to have a thing than not to have it.

Anyway a woman can only get out of life what she asks of it and the same goes for a husband.

There is one thing I have learned and that is—A woman should never let her husband think that he is giving her enough, she should always keep him a bit worried because if she doesn't he will find some other woman who will give him more to worry about.

It is curious, but men, especially rich men, are never really happy unless they are worrying and they love to tell you about it. They worry about their stocks and their wives and their hair falling out and their tailor and the graft their valet gets

and the food they eat and when they can put in a good six or seven hours worrying they are happy.

I would not want a man who was not somewhat of a worrier. He probably wouldn't have any money anyway because you can't have money without worry, they go together as I have found out.

Wednesday. Earl Carroll is a very charming and very misunderstood man. The papers and magazines are always printing stories about him saying he is very nervous and excitable and irascible but he is really nothing like that at all. He is calm and quiet and collected and a great joker, and I never see him in a temper.

Joe Cook is to be in the show and have the male lead, he is a marvellous comedian and Earl says that with me and Cook he is sure of a big success. Well let us hope so, because I am working hard, we are always rehearsing, and I will not try something I cannot hope to do well.

Anyone is a fool to do something someone else can do better. One should always make a practise of doing the thing one can do better than anyone else, that is the way to be Famous.

Several weeks elapse.

Wednesday. I have met a Baltic Baron, he is very charming indeed and we are practically engaged.

Somehow I have always thought of beef and castles when I have heard of Barons, but this baron is not like that at all. His title is a very old one and he is very distinguished with lovely manners.

Several more weeks pass, with no further reference to the Baron, and then the show moves on to Chicago. Chicago seems to have been rather a fateful city for Peggy. It was there she first met Stanley Joyce, and it is there she meets—

Sunday. We have had the opening and it was marvellous, nearly as wonderful as the opening in New York, and Earl said to me afterward, "Peggy you have knocked 'em over, we have got another run." Earl is very sweet.

The New York notices of course were splendid and George Jean Nathan who never praises anyone except a few was very lovely to me. I think he is one of the greatest critics in the world, but he has no sex appeal. The Chicago papers have also given me some wonderful write ups.

Well, I have been serious about acting, I have always wanted to act and while this play is not

very good for me because there are not many opportunities for good acting. I have worked very hard to be a success.

Tuesday. My fiancé the Baron has sent me the loveliest friend to see me at the theatre, his name is Count Gosta Morner and he is perfectly wonderful, looks just like the Prince of Wales.

Wednesday. Count Morner and I had dinner and he is marvellous, so big and grand.

Thursday. Gosta said tonight, "Peggy, of course I could not betray a friend and if he had not given me that introduction to you I might never have met you, but love is love and we cannot help it can we?"

So I said, "Gosta dear, nobody can help love, it just happens and the more you fight against it the more it gets hold of you."

I think Count Morner is grand and he is one of the best dressed men I have ever known. However I do not think he has much money.

Well I am making more than $5,000 per week

and what is money anyway? They cannot all be millionaires. There are very few desirable millionaires.

Ten days elapse.

Sunday. Gosta has asked me to marry him, so I said, "but Gosta dear, how can I marry you when I am engaged to the Baron?" and then after a minute I said, "I cannot marry both of you, can I?"

He said, "Which of us do you love?"

"You of course," I said.

"Well then I will explain to the Baron and he will release you from your promise, I am sure, he is a friend of mine," said Gosta.

Tuesday. We have had a telegram from the Baron, he says, "Count Morner is a gentleman and my friend and if you love him I release you from your promise to me, but I am heartbroken and can never love anyone else."

That is very sweet but of course he will be in love with somebody else in six weeks, all men are like that.

They think their hearts are broken and maybe they miss one meal and go out and get bunnied but

two or three days later they come up bright and smiling and are seen everywhere with some girl.

Well the Baron was a dear, but Count Morner is the finest gentleman and the most gorgeous lover I have ever known, he is simply perfect.

He has a castle in Sweden or rather his family has but I do not think they have much besides the castle. However a castle is something after all.

One of the silly Broadway papers has got hold of the story and has printed an article saying I am to marry Morner because I want to be a countess. Well that is a lie, I want to mary Morner because I love him, and what good is a title to me anyway? Any girl can have a title nowadays.

The show finally closes in Chicago and Peggy is given a well-earned rest. So she goes to Atlantic City. Count Morner follows, and—

Saturday. Well I am no longer Peggy Hopkins Joyce, I am Countess Morner.

We are very happy and are returning to New York very soon.

I have got a new maid and she is marvellous, her name is Louise and she is French but speaks Italian perfectly. She will be a great help to me in my trips abroad.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Divorced and in Hollywood

But only six weeks afterward—

Tuesday. When we went back to the Ritz-Carlton after being married in the Lutheran church in Atlantic City I thought I had found my ideal husband.

I made a mistake.

I have left Count Morner today, because the least a wife can demand from her husband is ambition. She does not want him hanging around the house all the time and not working.

Of course Count Morner was a very nice boy and very handsome and really quite a good husband, for six weeks anyway, but he has never worked and I think it would be good for him if he did.

Because what is the good of a talent for spending money if you haven't got any money to spend?

We have not had a quarrel, I told him I was

through and he said "All right, Peggy, I guess I know what you want, I will leave you for a while then maybe we can get together again later."

Which was a relief, because I hate scenes.

Of course I shall have to divorce the man and it is a nuisance, I cannot understand why it is so easy to get married and so hard to be divorced. I should think it would be the other way round, because what is the use of locking the bed-room door after the wife has flown?

Thursday. I have been talking with friends and lawyers about a divorce and everyone says, "Why not go to Paris, there is no publicity there."

Well I had enough publicity at my last divorce, and I certainly would never get a divorce in the United States again, no matter how badly I wanted it.

Abroad a divorce is considered the affair of the husband and wife only and maybe of the correspondent if there is one, but in the United States a divorce is the affair of all the newspapers and readers of sensations and there is no privacy anywhere.

There is always ten times as much publicity in the United States about a divorce as there is about

marriage, which is all wrong, because a marriage starts something and a divorce only ends it.

I cannot understand why newspapers insist upon printing all these divorce details, really I know my country and countrymen and I refuse to believe that the American public is interested only in other people's business.

Saturday. I have hired Dudley Field Malone who is one of the most wonderful lawyers in the world and very clever in divorces and he says I can get my divorce in Paris but I can only do so if Count Morner will agree, because while divorces are secret and quick in Paris the French laws are quite strict and one cannot divorce a husband even in Paris if he does not want to be divorced, unless you can catch him with another woman.

Several weeks—about ten—elapse. Peggy is again in Paris.

Thursday. I am to get my divorce in a few days but it is most annoying. I was out last night pretty late and it seemed as if I had only just got to bed when there was a ring on the 'phone and when I answered, very sleepy, it was Mr. Malone's secre-

tary and he said, "Countess, you have a date at court with the Judge."

"What," I said, "do you mean to say that I have to see the Judge myself? I thought you did all that for me."

"Well we can do a lot but these French Judges want one look at the wife anyway," he said.

But I was so sleepy and tired I said, "Well, if you can't manage without me I don't want a divorce, I am too tired. Why can't I see the Judge tonight?"

But Mr. Malone's secretary finally convinced me that I had to get up so I did but I was mad, but of course I smiled very sweetly at the Judge, who wore a black gown and round cap and a red sash, and he said a lot to me in French which of course I did not understand.

"He is asking you if you will not be reconciled with your husband," said Mr. Malone.

"Well I wouldn't have come all the way over here if I didn't want a divorce, would I?" I said, "Especially so early in the morning."

"It is only a form," said Mr. Malone, "they are obliged to ask you."

Well in ten minutes it was all over and now we have to wait a few weeks or maybe it is a few

months, anyway the divorce will come through and I shall be free again.

I forgot to say that I went to the courtroom in Louise's clothes because I did not want to be recognized, there are American reporters even in Paris and sometimes they are very smart.

Well, I was not recognized at the court but just now Hank Wales telephoned and said, "Well Peggy I hear you have done it again." Hank Wales is the Chicago Tribune correspondent. He is what is known as a wisecracker. However Hank is quite nice, and I like him.

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"The President of France told me," said Hank.

"Well," I said, "then you had better come up here and have a cocktail because if you are going to print anything I would rather you had it right."

So Hank came up and he says he will be marvellous to me. Of course we had a few drinks and I think he is very nice. There is another very clever newspaper man here and his name is Peter Carney and he has been very helpful.

Sunday. I have had a cable from Pat Powers who owns the F.B.O. and he wants me to go to

California and make a picture. He says I will be a knockout in the pictures.

I have met Mr. Powers and understand he is a very reliable man so I have agreed to make the picture and have made my reservations for California. We are sailing Tuesday.

Nothing now appears in the Diary for nearly three months. The next entry is written in Hollywood.

Sunday. Well if anyone thinks a motion picture star's life is a cinch let her try it and she will find it is the hardest life in the world.

All these stories about the wild parties and lives of the stars are false because believe me when a person has to get up at six in the morning and maybe sit around in full make-up for a couple of hours until the great director arrives a person certainly does not feel much like stepping out at night.

So the lives of most of the stars are very peaceful, they have lovely homes, very well run, and when they are not working they are quietly reading and maybe exercising or sleeping. Not many of them drink much and they never go out at night if they are working on a picture.

Directors are very funny people, they think they

are tin gods on wheels and love to keep the star waiting to show how important they are.

Micky Neilan is a very good director but he is the only man who ever kept me waiting and I will tell him something if we ever get this picture finished. Of course now I must remain friends with him because a director can ruin a picture if he wants to and has it in for the star, not that Mr. Neilan is like that, but I am taking no chances.

I have met some friends, Adela Rogers St. John * and her husband, they are both extraordinary brilliant people with wonderful minds and very charming personalities. Mrs. St. John wrote the picture we are doing, "The Skyrocket" and her husband Ike is a very clever writer too.

The nicest men I have met here are Joe Schenck and Irving Thalberg.

I like Charlie Chaplin, he has only one fault, he thinks that every girl he goes out with for an evening is in love with him.

There are a number of interesting men here but I have been so busy for the last three months I have had no time to be engaged or get married.

Hollywood is the most interesting place I have ever been to except Paris. It is a little like Paris,

* Mrs. St. John is now Mrs. Adela St. John Hyland.

though, except of course they do not have hot dog stands in Paris or mountains in Paris.

There is a great director and wonderful actor here called Erich von Stroheim who likes to be thought very wicked and daring and that is why in fact people go to see his pictures, but I have met Mr. von Stroheim and like most professional bad men he is really quite meek and mild and not nearly as bad as some other nice men I know.

Mr. von Stroheim is the sort of man you would love to love but not marry because he would need too much taking care of.

There are a number of other interesting men here but I have been so busy for the last three months I have had no time to give any of them much attention. I think Rod Coleman is the best looking man star in pictures.

All the stars have swimming pools and bars in their houses here but I have not seen one as beautiful as the one I had in Coconut Grove, Miami.

The most beautiful girl here is Marion Davies. She remembers when we were both in a show together.

I am so glad Marion is a great star because she has really worked more than any other girl I know

and deserves her success. She is always helping other girls out.

I like California very much and I would like to live here if I could for a few months every year.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

I Meet a Gay Young Earl

Peggy's picture over, finished and on its way to the exhibitors, the exuberant young lady goes again to Europe, stopping a few weeks in London and then returning to her beloved Paris.

Monday. They say Will Rogers is coming over. I hope he does, I like Will. I think he is one of our cleverest actors and has one of the greatest minds on the stage.

Sometimes Mr. Rogers makes jokes about me but I do not mind because I know he is a friend of mine, and has never been malicious.

Tuesday. I have met a wonderful man and am not quite sure that I have not also lost my head. He is very handsome and a Count.

Of course that does not matter because I am a countess myself, and anyway I do not use my title.

Just before I left for Europe I called up the Charles place in the Ritz Tower and asked for a date with Reno and the woman at the telephone said,

"Who is this please?"

"This is Countess Morner," I said.

"I am very sorry but all Reno's appointments for this afternoon are taken," she said.

"But I must have her," I said, getting mad. After all I have been going to Charles for years.

"It is impossible," she said.

"See here," I said, "This is Peggy Joyce and I want Reno this afternoon!"

"Oh, Miss Joyce," she said. "Why of course Miss Reno will take you—why did you not tell me who you were before?"

Well I mean what is the use of a title if you cannot even get a date with a hairdresser?

Well anyway this man that I think I am falling madly in love with is Count de Janzé and he is divorced like me, but he is so wonderful a person and so charming, and I believe he loves me.

Wednesday. I have been hunting on his estate in Normandy, he has a wonderful old castle and is very rich.

Count de Janzé also has a ranch in Africa and wants me to go there with him to a place called Kenya I think. Well of course I have never been to Africa and if I marry de Janzé I suppose I will have to go there, but I think Paris would be nicer.

But Peggy does not marry Count de Janzé, no matter how highly she regards him. Instead she returns to New York and there meets another titled person—this time an earl.

Friday. I have just met quite a wonderful boy who also has asked me to marry him. In fact he asked me five times and the first time just five minutes after he met me, at the Ritz Tower, but of course I laughed at him.

His name is Earl of Northesk and he is getting a divorce. David—Lord Northesk—is quite tall, a little stoop-shouldered, and has a distinguished manner, although he is very democratic and likes to "make whoopee" as he says.

Mr. Walter Winchell who invented the phrase "whoopee" was with us the other night, he is a famous critic and author on the Mirror and I think he is one of the cleverest writers in New York.

Mr. Winchell has always been wonderful to me so I am always glad to have him for dinner, besides I have a very deep feeling for that boy. Why are all nice men married?

Well David got very gay as he always does when he is with newspaper men, they all like him because when he comes into New York he gives a party in his stateroom.

And David said to Mr. Winchell that he would like very much to be a newspaper reporter, and Mr. Winchell said, "Why, Dave old man, that will be a cinch, I will mention it to my managing editor and he will hire you right away."

Then David who is Scotch said "But what about money?" and Mr. Winchell said, "I do not think you would have to pay very much just at first, the learner's rate has gone down lately."

But David knew Mr. Winchell was kidding because a few minutes later he told him so.

David is a little young, only 26, but he is a Scottish nobleman and has one of the oldest titles in Edinburgh. He drinks nothing but champagne except when there is no champagne and altogether is a very nice boy.

I have not decided if I will marry him. For one thing he is a Scottish nobleman and I am not sure

how a Scottish nobleman would be for a husband. Besides, I have only known him three days.

Monday. I have just received two dozen orchids from David.

However I do not think he is very rich although he lives at the Ritz-Carlton.

It is not very hard for a girl to tell when a man is rich. When he is acting wealthy and really is not wealthy there is a funny expression comes into his eyes when you talk about champagne and things and sometimes he is a little deaf.

Well David has that expression sometimes and is nearly always deaf but he is a darling boy and spends a lot of money anyway, he is always buying champagne and orchids and just now he came in with a dog.

We had been riding down Madison Avenue to meet Basil at the Ritz and there is a cute dog store near Fifty-Second Street and there was the most wonderful little Sealingham puppy on display, so I said to David, "What a darling little dog, I would love to have a dog like that."

Well so he left me at Basil's and said he had to have a hair-cut and half an hour later he came back

to Basil's leading the Sealingham. It was really not like a nobleman at all.

I asked David if there were any Irish or English in his family but he said he did not think so, but he could only remember the tree for the last four hundred years.

He says he has a castle in Scotland but it is entailed.

I am not sure whether I know what "entailed" means but I do not think that I want a husband if he has a castle and it is entailed.

Tuesday. David keeps asking me to marry him as soon as he gets his divorce but I will not say yes, I am not sure whether I want another husband even if he is an Earl.

After all an Earl's wife is only a countess and I am a countess already.

It was wonderful of David to buy me the Sealingham, I have always loved Sealinghams and this is a darling puppy.

I feel quite bad about having to leave the Sealingham in New York, but I am sailing Saturday on the Ile de France and of course I cannot bring a dog

into England and I might decide to stop in England.

It has been very difficult to get a good suite on the Ile de France but finally I have arranged it although I am afraid Louise will have to go second class. I hope she will not get mad and leave me. Louise is a wonderful maid and knows just what to say and what to give me when I wake up.

I think I will stop writing in my Diary now and ring for Louise to bring the Sealingham up. He is the cutest thing and I love David for buying him for me.

It is only one o'clock and David has telephoned three times already.

Thursday. David says he is sailing too on the Ile de France but he could only get an inside berth with somebody else and there is no room on the ship for his valet.

"I do not know how I am going to get along without my valet," he said, "but I would do anything for you!"

"Yes and I wish you wouldn't do so many things for me," I said.

Well he asked me what I meant and of course I

was not severe with him but I did tell him that the next time he buys a dog for a girl who has an apartment without a garden or back yard he should be careful and ask if it is housebroken.

"The furniture in my salon cost a lot of money which you do not seem to realize," I said. "Whatever made you be so foolish as to buy a dog anyway?"

David was very apologetic and took the dog back and sent me some more orchids, he is a very nice boy but really very foolish. It may be because he is too young.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

On the Stage Again—and Off

So away sails Peggy once more—her third trip abroad within a twelve-month. And with her, besieging her heart at every turn, goes the gayest young Lothario in Europe—David, Earl of Northesk. They stay in Paris, visit Deauville, and the next entry in the Diary is at the Lido, Italy.

Tuesday. Really men are impossible. After all I am not David's fiancée yet, although he keeps telling every one we meet that we are going to marry.

I have not said I would not and I have not said I would as I am not sure I want to marry him anyway. He is too jealous.

How can I help it if a lot of men want to talk to me and dance with me? I know scores of people and I am not going to shut myself up with one man just because he happens to be in love with me.

Yesterday he wrote a note and said he would do

all sorts of things and only because I was talking on the beach with an old friend, a man I had not seen for years.

He certainly will not make me marry him that way. Besides he really did not mean to do all sorts of things, he only went to Venice and got bunnied.

Monday. Met Maury Paul and Beth Learey. Mr. Paul is a very famous writer and writes beautifully. He writes under the name of Charley Knickerbocker. He has one of the most marvelous senses of humour in the world and is always saying clever and wise things. He is a very sensitive person and has a great appreciation for beautiful things.

Beth Learey is the envy of all the women here for the gorgeous parties she has. The Lido has never seen more brilliant affairs than hers. Maury Paul is usually there with a circle around him laughing at his clever witticisms.

After a few weeks at the Lido, Peggy—with David Northesk still following her devotedly, still announcing to the world that they are to be married as soon as his divorce is final—returns to New York. And there her patience wanes.

Tuesday. I have had all my financial affairs put in the hands of Phyllis Walsh who is one of the very few women brokers in New York and very brilliant besides being a famous tennis player. She has sold all my bad stocks and bought me good ones. I cannot understand what she tells me but she is very clever.

Friday. Well, that's that. Just because I would not see David and dine with him last night the man goes out and gets himself in the papers. I have just telephoned him at the Warwick that I am through. I am not going to be made a public joke by any man, earl or no earl.

Wednesday. Went to the dance marathon at Madison Square Garden with Jimmy Quirk, the publisher of Photoplay, and his delightful wife May Allison.

Considering May was such a big star in the movies I cannot understand how she can be happy as merely a wife even though Jimmy is so sweet, and a wonderful husband.

How stupid this dance marathon is! Some of

them have been dancing for nearly two weeks now without stopping. They look as if they were dying on their feet. I suppose they all want to be famous, but you cannot be famous by being foolish.

I saw Charles Ray in a box near us and he looks much better than when I saw him last. I hope he stages a big come-back because he is a very good actor and a very nice boy.

Jimmy got mad at the reporters who kept on visiting the box and asking me questions, but I told Jimmy one should never get mad at reporters as they always get even by saying nasty things about you.

So afterward we went to Texas Guinan's and when Texas saw Jimmy she yelled "Throw that man out of here! He is with his wife!"

Then Texas turned to me and shook her rattle and cried "Give the little girl a hand, she is just here from the country and doesn't know her way about."

Texas can be very embarrassing sometimes, but some really very prominent people go to her place, quite a few boys I know from the Piping Rock and the Brook Clubs.

David Northesk, the Scottish nobleman, gets his congé. And then comes on the scene a

theatrical producer with an idea for a play in which Peggy is to be the star.

Monday. Ray Goetz, who is a producer, has read me a play called "Le Greluchon Delicat". It is French, but it reads very well translated and Mr. Goetz wants me to play the chief part. There are only six people in the entire cast, two women, and the other woman is just a maid with a few lines.

Well I would really like to show what I could do with a real dramatic part.

This will be the hardest thing I have ever attempted but I am going to try it because Ray has made me a very good offer and besides I want to prove that I am really something more than the "doll" and "clothes horse" some people have called me.

It is a three-act play and I shall be on the stage practically the whole time, with literally hundreds of lines.

Goetz says he believes I can do it. I am going to try anyway.

During the next two months there are no entries in the Diary. Peggy is rehearsing and then playing in the play that was re-named "The Lady of the Orchids" by Jacques Natanson which opens in Pittsburgh. The next entry is dated Detroit.

Thursday. Ray is one of the finest squarest men I have ever known. We both know that the play is bad and will be a flop, but Ray said to me last night.

"Peggy, this thing's going to flop in New York, but if I take it off now and do not open in New York the papers will say that it is your fault. Now I know different. You have amazed us all and you are really a good actress. I am going to take it into New York just so the critics can see how good you are and you will find that they will all go crazy about you. But they will not like the play."

Producer Goetz's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The play opened in New York, was unanimously condemned by the critics, who just as unanimously praised the acting and versatility of the star.

Saturday. Well, the play is coming off, as we expected, but at least I proved that I could act.

I would like to try again with a new play. I would like Mr. Goetz to be the producer, or if not him, then Mr. Belasco or Jed Harris. I think my life's ambition would be fulfilled if I could be starred by David Belasco—the greatest director the stage has ever known.

Besides now I know the sort of play in which I

would be best—something like The Lady of the Orchids, which opens with a bed room scene.

It is not that I like to play bed room scenes but the public likes them and no producer can produce better bed room scenes than Mr. Belasco.

The next is the last entry by Peggy in her Diary before she knew it was going to be published.

Wednesday. I am sailing for Paris in a few days. I wonder what will happen to me this time.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Aladdin Offers Me His Heart

From now on the careful reader will notice a subtle difference in the writings of Peggy in her famous Diary. She is less naïve, less ingenuous, less revealing. This is because she has already contracted for publication of the Diary. She is writing for publication—a vastly different thing from writing for oneself alone.

Nevertheless, it is in the chapters to follow that some of the most astonishing revelations of Peggy's soul are made. Her comments upon men and life in general constitute a philosophical addition to contemporary satire. Her epigrams become more rounded, but are none the less apt and original.

Peggy as an "author" almost outshines Peggy as a Diarist.

Saturday. Here I am back in France again. Paris is as familiar to me now as New York, and I am even learning to speak French.

At least I can pronounce the words correctly when I order a meal, which is really saying a lot when you consider how complicated these French menus are. And I can say "c'est trop" when I am buying something.

At first when I came here I used to regard the things very cheap and say so, but Henri Letellier told me, "*Ne dites jamais qu'une chose n'est pas cher—dites toujours que c'est trop.*" Which means, "Never say a thing is cheap—always say it is too dear."

I have found this a very good rule, not only with tradespeople but with husbands.

For instance a woman should never give her husband credit for too much generosity, it makes him complacent.

If a husband gives me a diamond ring I thank him very sweetly of course but I let him see that what I really wanted was a pearl necklace.

Husbands are not hard to manage if you know how, but the method depends on the woman.

Some women use all their energy in keeping a husband's good will by flattering him and making him think what a great man he is. This may keep him your husband but it will not keep him your lover.

The other method is not to try to keep him but to make him try to keep you and in order to do this you must never allow him to be too happy, because it is funny but true, a man will sin most when he is happiest. If you make him completely happy he will not realize it but will think something is wrong with his life or he would not be so bored. He will then decide he has got all out of you that he can and will turn to some other woman who will make him love her by making him miserable.

You show me a man with his stomach full of his wife's good cooking and his slippers on the rug and his pipe in his mouth and his newspaper in his hand while his wife sits by sewing, and I will show you a man who is too happy to be in love.

All men are born lazy especially in love, they will only court a woman until they think she loves them and then they slow up and leave the rest to her.

The answer is to tell a man you love him but to say it in such a way to make him doubtful and think you are lying.

Sunday. I have been reading over what I wrote yesterday and it has occurred to me that I might as well give my definition of the perfect husband.

1. He must be rich but have a very competent secretary so that he will not have to pay too much attention to business.

2. He must be a passionate lover but not a mauler, especially in public or when I am all dressed and made up to go out.

3. He must be a good quarreler because I cannot be happy unless I have a good fight every day or so when things begin to pall and I cannot bear a man who just sits and takes it.

4. He must not be a teetotaler because teetotalers generally have something else wrong with them, and anyway it is not much fun to go out with a man who will not even drink champagne; but he must not be quarrelsome when he is drunk —just gay.

5. He must be a gentleman and polite, except when we are fighting, of course.

6. He must pay attention to details such as knowing what kind of cigarettes and champagne I like and he must not be the kind that thinks he must order rich food just because he is in a good restaurant. I hope I am a lady, but this does not mean I do not enjoy onions and sauerkraut and pickles and a good thick steak sometimes, as well as *canard a l'orange* and caviar.

7. He must get up first in the morning and go out and not let me see him until he is shaved. It is very tiring to have to look at a husband early in the morning.

8. He must not stop telling me I am beautiful just because I am his wife.

9. He is expected to be moderately jealous but he should not fly into a rage just because other men pay me attentions. Wives often grow tired of their husbands merely because husbands do not allow them any comparisons.

10. I like tall, dark, blue-eyed men, over 35 at least, but providing he fulfills all the other specifications he can be young or old, tall or short —anything but poor and fat.

I do not suppose I shall ever find my perfect husband, certainly none of the four I have had came anywhere near it.

I have met several men, though, who would have made ideal husbands, but they were tied up. The most desirable men generally belong to someone else.

I have never taken any other woman's property, at least not until he left her and was applying for a divorce.

I was very much in love quite recently with one divine man who was married, but he was separated from his wife and anyway she was French. He is sueing for divorce now, I believe. I told him we could never be anything to one another as long as he was married.

If there is one thing a woman should avoid it is scandal.

Tuesday. I have a very ardent admirer just now who is showering me with gifts. He is quite prominent and I dare not write his name but I will call him Mr. Z.

Well Mr. Z—— is a lovely gentleman and has given me a lot of beautiful gifts to try and make me love him.

I met him in quite a romantic fashion. It was when I was playing in "The Lady of the Orchids" in New York, the play Ray Goetz starred me in.

A friend came back to my dressing room and said;

"Peggy, who's your new flame?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said laughing.

"Well, there is a man who has occupied the same seat on the aisle in the second row ever since the

show opened," said my friend, "and he looks at you as if he would like to eat you up."

Well of course that made me interested and I looked where she said and sure enough there sat a distinguished looking man in evening clothes and he never took his eyes off me.

The next night he was there again so of course I made some inquiries, because a girl can never be too careful whom she meets in these days when one can never be sure from the looks of a man whether he is a retired bootlegger or an Italian ambassador, and I learned through those enquiries that he was a broker on the stock exchange.

So I went to dinner with him and he said, "Miss Joyce, I want to ask you something. What would you rather have than anything in the world?"

Well, I thought a moment and decided I would play a little joke on him and I said:

"I was passing a Jewelry shop today on Fifth Avenue and in the window was the most marvellous pearl necklace I have ever seen."

Of course I never meant it seriously and I never dreamed he thought I did, but what do you think? The very next morning about noon Louise knocked on the door, and said;

"Madame, il y a une personne qui veut vous voir."

"A he or a she?" I asked.

"It is a very fine looking gentleman," said Louise in French, "and he has a big bouquet of flowers in his hand and a Rolls Royce outside."

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Madame, I have never seen him before."

Well, I do not allow strangers to call on me like that, so I said to Louise, "Tell him that he must write or telephone me."

But a few minutes later Louise came up and knocked again and said:

"The gentleman has given me the flowers and a message for you, and I have opened the flowers and there is a package in them."

So I unlocked the door and there was Louise with the most gorgeous bunch of orchids I have ever seen. There must have been at least five dozen of them and in the basket was a little package.

I opened the package and inside was a leather case.

The leather case contained the pearl necklace and just a card with the man's name and the words: "To my Princess."

Well I was too astounded for words. I could not

believe my eyes and could not believe the necklace was for me. It must have cost a fortune.

"Here is the note, Madame," said Louise, who was a little excited too. Louise is the best French maid in New York and has been with me for 8 years.

So I took the note and it read:

Miss Joyce: I would be honored by your company at luncheon or dinner.

With my devoted respects,

Z

I turned on Louise. "Why did you let him go?" I said. "Of course I must thank him, this is a wonderful present."

"Madame, I did not let him go, he is in the *salon*," said Louise.

Louise is really a very good maid.

"Well, show him up in ten minutes," I said.

Friday. I have been so busy with the plumbers and decorators in my new house here at Cap d'Ail that I have not been able to write much in my Diary, but now I must continue where I left off and write about Mr. Z——the gentleman who gave me the pearl necklace the day after he met me.

Well, I had dinner with him that night and grew quite attached to him. He was very quiet and polished and knew a lot about art and literature and such things and talked a lot about his boyhood days. I liked him very much.

He was about forty years old, maybe less.

"Peggy I have been waiting all my life for the perfect woman and now you have come," he said.

From then on it was like a fairytale.

He had a magnificent Rolls Royce and one afternoon I said to him:

"I used to have two of those, a town car and a roadster."

He wanted to know where they were and I said I had sold them it is so silly to have a car in New York.

"But I do not think you should be without a car."

So he bought me another car and it arrived one morning, with chauffer in livery and everything. The fittings were made of solid silver.

I thanked him very much and said:

"But I wished you had asked me first, because I expect to go to France shortly and I will do a lot of touring. Really I need a big car I can tour in, with a top that will let down."

"Well, that's easy," he said, "we'll get you one of those too."

It was just like rubbing a magic lantern. It grew to be a terrible temptation to ask for anything, because there did not seem to be any limits to what he would buy for me. But of course I could not ask him, as that would mean I was really interested.

However he was very clever at finding out what I needed.

One day Louise came in the room where we were and said;

"Madame's sables need repairing very badly, and her other coats are badly in need of repair, too."

He did not say a word, but would you believe it, that very afternoon Jackels called me up and said, "Miss Joyce, we have received instructions to honor your account to any amount."

So I got a few fur coats, because such things don't happen every day in a girl's life, but I felt all the while as if I were dreaming and would soon wake up.

He has bought me thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry and trinkets for the home. I wish I could fall in love with him. I think I am a bit.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

I Buy a Chateau— and Muse About Men

Tuesday. I told Hank Wales in Paris that I was buying a chateau on the Riviera and he said:

"Why, Peggy, are you going to retire?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "Only men retire. A woman never retires until they bury her."

"Peggy," said Hank seriously—he is growing more serious since he married—"why do you women spend all your time trying to be beautiful? If there were no beautiful women in the world we men would have to love you just the same."

"In the first place," I said, "to be beautiful is the duty of every woman—"

"Yeah," said Hank, who can be impossible sometimes, "I know—so you can inspire us men with beautiful thoughts. Renan said that. But let me tell you something. A woman is the only beautiful thing

that don't inspire men with beautiful thoughts—get that? All a beautiful woman does is make a man hot."

So Hank and I had a big discussion and he said the real reason all women are crazy about being beautiful is because they are not religious any more.

"First women believed in God and then in man and now they make their prayers to themselves," said Hank, who is a Cynic. "When a woman figures out for herself that there is no hereafter and that she will be a long time dead, why she realises life is a pretty important thing and she determines to get the most out of that she can. So she dolls herself up and goes out to see how many men she can make fall in love with her."

"I think you are disgusting," I said to Hank but privately I think he is right.

The other day I was in Paris and really I have been behaving very well, I have been living quietly and not gone out more than three or four nights a week, and then I have not been out later than four.

But the second morning at the Crillon where I was stopping, the bell-boy brought up a big basket of roses that came from the big florist on the Rue Royale which is the most expensive florist shop here in Paris, and inside the basket was a card from a

man with a Jewish name and a thousand dollar note attached to the card.

He wrote on the card that he admired me very much and if I would just dine with him at the Café de Paris that night he would do anything in the world for me.

Well I was terribly mad at first and wrote a nasty letter to him and put the bill in it and rang for the bell-boy to post it but then I reconsidered and thought, well, after all a thousand dollars is a lot of money and maybe he didn't know any better, that is all.

So I just wrote on a slip of paper "Miss Joyce regrets that she will be unable to accept Mr. ——'s kind invitation," and pinned the bill to it and sent it.

One of the strongest rules of my life is never to make an enemy if there is any way out because you never can tell when you will need a friend and the most unlikely people turn out to be valuable friends.

I would rather have one good friend than ten bad husbands.

Some persons would say, "Yes, but what about good husbands," and I would say that as far as I knew the breed is extinct.

Some husbands are good for the first month after

you marry them but after that, if not before, all their faults that you never even suspected begin to crop out.

The man you thought was generous before you married him turns out to be the stingy crab and the passionate lover begins saying, "Oh my God, let me alone, can't you see I am busy?"

I have never known a husband to wear longer than six months, but I have had men friends who have remained wonderful all my life.

If a husband does not begin to cheat after six months it is either because he is afraid to or because something is wrong with him. Probably he has taken to drink.

Sometimes I am sorry that I am the type which is so strongly attracted to men, because it means I have so few good women friends.

But not one woman in a million could be a real friend anyway. She might nurse you through a sickness but she would slay your reputation as soon as she had you well.

A woman's idea of being a good friend is to tell you something that you would rather not hear and that makes you very unhappy.

I have always heard the worst things about the

men I have loved, some true and some untrue, from the women who have been my closest friends.

Another girl's happiness is irritating to any woman, it is not exactly like jealousy, it is more that her nature makes her suspicious of any man and she cannot wait until she has verified her suspicions so that she can tell them to the girl the man happens to be in love with.

If she cannot find out anything derogatory to the man she will even go as far as to invent something, but of course she will say to you, so and so told her but she can't tell you the name of the person as she was pledged to secrecy. This comes natural to her because ninety percent of anything a woman says is a lie and the ten percent of truth just slips out.

There is not a woman living who is physically or mentally capable of telling the true story of her life.

Saturday. There is a certain something in this Riviera life that makes one think. I never seem to have had time to do any thinking in New York.

If I did not know that such a thing does not really exist I would even believe I was happy, at last.

I am very busy arranging the house and Mr.

Z—— says I have very decorative instincts. The villa (I forgot to write about it before in my Diary) is on a promontory called Cap d'Ail, which means Garlic Point—can you imagine anything so silly?

But it is an enchanting spot, on the lower Corniche road between Nice and Monte Carlo, and quite close to Monte. The villa has dozens of rooms and big grounds, and stands in a commanding position, facing the sea, with its back on the mountains.

From my window in the mornings I can see the sun rise over the rock of Monaco—that is I have seen it once. It was the night I went to the Sporting Club with Grand Duke Theodore.

The view from the house is glorious—the blue Mediterannean to the west, and to the south the rocky coast line going towards Manaco and Monte Carlo, while on the other side the coast stretches out in the blue haze to another promontory near Beaulieu.

The villa was in fairly good repair when I bought it—the price was two million francs, about eighty thousand dollars, which is an enormous price for property over here.

The villa had no central heating or modern plumbing and only one bathroom, so while I was in New York last summer I had the builders and

plumbers tearing out the walls and putting in piping, and it was a terrible mess while it lasted, but now everything looks wonderful. I have four bathrooms, including one for the help, and mine is done in black marble with gold and onyx fittings.

It is really the best bathroom I have ever had and was done by —— the best plumbers in Paris, who sent one of their head men down here especially.

The man said my bathroom is the finest in France, even finer than the one Cecile Sorel had, although she had a solid gold bathtub, they say.

Well, I think black marble is much nicer than gold, and anyway it is nearly as expensive.

The rooms are mostly done in genuine Louis XV, which I adore. The decorator said Italian Renaissance would suit the style of the house better but I do not like Italian Renaissance, it is too ornate, besides, one is never sure of Italian Renaissance. Of course one is never sure of any antiques but I think one can be more sure of French Antiques than Italian. I have been very careful to see that all my antiques are genuine.

I do not pay much attention to decorators anyway. After all they are not going to live in the house they decorate. I would bet that their own homes

have been furnished according to their wives' taste and not their own.

I was terribly mad at the painters shortly after I got here. They had been using lime or something in their work and some of it got into the basin of the fountain which is in the middle of the grounds as you drive in. The fountain was full of gold fish and every one of them was killed by the lime and they were all floating on top.

Well, I said some things to those painters which they did not understand, but they could see that I was in a rage.

But all they did was shrug their shoulders and jabber away in their patois, which is more Italian than French and they all threw down their tools and quit.

Well I was frantic and called up the contractor in Nice but he only laughed and said, "Don't worry, they have only gone to get a drink, they will be back after a while. But do not get mad at them if you expect them to do any work."

I have never seen such terribly slow workmen in my life, they would work two minutes, talk ten, and every half hour they would all go out and off to the wine shop and spend ten minutes having a

drink. It made me frantic, and I was paying for their time, too.

"They have been like that for hundreds of years and you cannot change them," said the contractor.

"Say," I said, "two American painters could do more work in a day than all this gang of yours does in a week."

"*Possible*," he said, "but you will find that the work will be well done when once it is finished."

It was a regular nightmare while it lasted but they are all out of the house now and it looks quite nice. The furniture has been installed and I am planning a big dinner party as soon as the season opens and some people arrive.

Leonora Hughes, who married Carlos Bassualdo, and Mary McCormick, the operatic singer, have homes here. The Duke of Connaught lives quite close and a number of other dukes and princes keep houses in the vicinity. But they do not come here until December as a rule.

I wonder if it would be proper for me to leave my card at the Duke of Connaught's? After all the King of Sweden is a friend of mine and the Duke of Connaught is only the uncle of a king. Besides, I have been presented to the Prince of Wales.

But I suppose it would really be best to wait for him to call first.

Thursday. My memories of the Prince of Wales are of a boyish-looking man who looked very tired, talked little, and seemed to have enormous energy, because I would see him dancing at four in the morning and read the next day that he had been hunting in the forests at eight.

Friday. I have been trying to analyze why it is I would rather live on the Riviera than in America, because really it seems a little ungrateful of me to prefer France considering that the United States has given me everything.

I think it is because there is more freedom in France. America may still be the land of the brave but she does not seem to me to be the home of the free when I compare her with other countries I have seen.

America would be a great country, greater than it is now, if Congress stopped making laws.

I think they should declare one day in the year when nobody need obey any laws, a sort of holiday

for everyone, and either the people would like it that way or they would be willing to wait another year. I bet there would be no real crimes committed because all the murderers and thieves would be busy getting drunk.

Here in France there are no laws which really need be worried about and the liberty of the individual and his home is quite sacred to the French.

This sometimes leads to funny situations, as when I was pasing Villefranche, which is a very old naval port on the Lower Corniche Road just before you arrive in Nice.

There was a terrible commotion going on in one of the little taverns that the French call *bistros* and the traffic was blocked just as my car came opposite.

I could see five or six sailors fighting each other inside the tavern and a big crowd including two policemen looking on from the doorway.

"What's the matter—are the policemen afraid to go in?" I asked François. François was the chauffer I was using.

He called one of the onlookers and spoke to him a minute and then he laughed.

"The policemen do not go in because the law says they must not enter private premises except on

invitation of the proprietor, or if they have a warrant," he explained.

"Why doesn't the proprietor ask them to stop the fight then," I said.

"He is not there—he is eating his dinner at a café over there and refuses to be disturbed," said François.

"Well, then, why don't they get a warrant?" I asked.

"They would have to go to Nice and by the time they got there the magistrate's office would be closed and the fight would be over," he replied.

"Yes and I suppose by that time also one of the men will be killed," I said.

"Oh no, they would not murder in France like that," said François.

Well, it seemed a little ridiculous to me until I remembered reading in the paper about some American policeman who broke down the door of a private home and killed a man while his wife was looking on, just because they thought he was making whiskey. At least that could never happen in France so perhaps the French laws are not so strange after all.

I was having dinner Tuesday night at the B——'s at Cap Ferrat and an old gentleman they

called "Monsieur le Procureur-General de la Republique" was there. He is what they call State's Attorney in America and he is in charge of the judiciary in Nice.

I am always glad to meet people like that, one can never tell when knowing them may not prove very valuable.

This Mr. Ferauldy, I think his name was, explained to me the way the French police system works. There are two kinds of police, the *police de ville*, or city police, and the *gendarmerie*, which takes care of the rural districts, but both are under one head in Paris and they are run just like an army. They are the enforcement officers, but when a crime is committed the detection of the criminal and his arrest is left to the detective organization in Paris called the Sureté Générale.

The old Frenchman smiled when I told him about the fight in Villefranche. "Yes, our system has its disadvantages," he said, "but only one country in Europe—England—has fewer crimes per capita," he said. "Only two murders since the war have gone unpunished in France, and we will find the murderers yet."

He explained that the French detectives never give up and told me some marvellous stories, two

of which I will write down because I want to be able to remember them to tell some of my police friends in New York.

There was one boy about seventeen years old who got in with a gang in Paris before the war and helped them rob an old woman, who got killed in the affair, but not by the boy. The murderers were caught and guillotined and the boy, in spite of his youth and that it was his first offence, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Any sentence of more than a year, he explained, means deportation to the French penal colonies in the West Indies, terrible places where the prisoners live in idleness on barren islands surrounded by sharks.

A sentence of ten years really means life, because the prisoner is not allowed to leave the islands for another ten years, and as there is no work there and very little food they nearly always die a long time before their period is up.

Well, this boy was sentenced to Devil's Island in 1909, but he escaped in 1913 and got away to a Dutch colony, where he got work and became quite respected.

Then the war broke out and his patriotism was too much for him, he returned to France under an-

other name and enlisted. He was wounded several times and was decorated with the legion of honor and the military medal for bravery. After the war he married a girl he met in Paris and got work as a 'bus conductor, and soon he was a father of three children.

Then one day when he was happy and respected the detective who had arrested him all those years before got on his 'bus and in spite of the changes in his face he recognized him and immediately arrested him as a fugitive.

He was sent back to Devil's Island for life, although some of the Paris newspapers took the case up and tried to get him pardoned.

Apparently they could do nothing because the law provided that an escaped prisoner, recaptured, must always serve double his original sentence. I think it was one of the most horrible things I have ever heard of.

The other story was about a detective of the Sureté Générale who was told to take the trail of an embezzler, a banker who had stolen a fortune, and who was believed to have fled the country. The detective was ordered not to give up until he had found and arrested his man.

About a year later he reported that he had found

the embezzler but that he was living in Venezuela, which had no extradition treaty with France, and therefore he could not arrest him.

So the detective stayed in Venezuela and got very friendly with the embezzler, and finally became his partner in business and even the godfather of his little daughter, for the embezzler had married a native girl.

The store they kept was near the Colombian Line and finally, more than five years later, the detective persuaded his partner to go on a prospecting trip across the border, and as soon as they got into Colombian territory he produced a warrant he had obtained from the Colombian Police and arrested him.

"Well, all I can say is that I hope the French Police never get after me," I said to the old Frenchman.

"Ah—a beautiful lady—she is different," said the charming old man, "we French are never very hard on beautiful ladies."

And it is true, because since I have been in France this summer there have been two murders committed in Paris by women and each time the juries acquitted them because they said they had killed for love.

Of course there are no women on French juries otherwise that could not happen.

French women have practically no rights, that is they cannot vote or hold office, but they seem to me much happier than American women.

When we were motoring down through Provence once, we saw hundreds of French women, some of them old and some very young, almost children, laboring in the vineyards and I said to Lord M. who was with me,

"What a miserable existence those women lead —I should think they would start a revolution or something."

"Oh, they are not so bad off," said M.

And just after that the car broke down and we had to spend the night at a farmhouse—the quaintest place imaginable. There was no bath of course and the toilet was outdoors but the big old fashioned bed was the most comfortable I have ever slept in, and the peasant and his wife were really wonderful to us.

"Almost everything you see to eat or wear in the house was made right here," said M. "The old lady and her daughters wove the sheets and blankets and made the cloth for the men's clothes, and the men made the furniture and built the house."

"But where do they do their shopping?" I asked. "It is at least ten miles to that town we passed."

"I do not think they patronize a store once a year," said M. "When they want to buy farm implements or something like that they write to a mail order concern and get it that way."

"I did not know that there were mail order houses in France," I said, "I always thought the only ones were in Chicago."

"The Arms Company at St. Etienne was doing mail business before Sears Roebuck was ever dreamed of," said M.

Afterward the old lady showed us her store room and there were provisions enough for an army—huge loaves of bread, that they bake only once a month, long sausages hanging from the roof, and all sorts of jellies and preserves and dried vegetables and meats.

Everything had been grown and made right on the farm, even the grain for the flour which they milled themselves in a sort of trough with a horse turning a big grinder around and around for days at a time.

I could not help contrasting this farm with its delicious home made food and wines with the average American home, where the wife would be lost

if she could not telephone the grocer or the delicatessen.

And really the people living on the farm seemed a lot happier than the American wives although they got up before dawn and worked hard all day.

American wives have prettier homes and clothes and a lot more amusements and distractions than the French but their lives are not half as full of the things that count, I think.

But while I admire those women on the farm for what they can do, personally I cannot see myself doing any work while there were men around. As for living on a farm, maybe it would not be so bad if the farm were near the city and my husband would take me to the theatres. And of course I would expect him to take me dancing once or twice a week.

Monday. Can it be that Mr. Z. is losing interest in me? Or is it merely that I am growing a little tired of his constant attentions and he is choosing to fade out of the picture as graciously as possible? He says he must sail at the end of the week on the Olympic. His reason is perfect, business of course.

We had had an argument over some Paintings

I wanted him to buy for the chateau. He didn't buy them and I was angry. I shouldn't have been, of course, because after all he has done so much for me and I shouldn't have demanded more, but I had become so used to thinking of him as the genii of Aladdin's wonderful lamp that, beginning with the time when he brought me the pearl necklace it was always a temptation to rub the lamp just once more and make a wish and see what happened. And when the time came that it didn't work, it was too disappointing. It was like suddenly losing your faith in Santa Claus, or having the sun rise in the West instead of the East, or something like that. I couldn't believe it and I was childishly annoyed. So I complained bitterly to him and said a lot of foolish things about his being a bum sport. I didn't really mean them. I guess I hadn't slept much the night before or something and was just taking out a grouch on him.

"Peggy, you are too ungrateful," he said. "You forget the things I have done for you."

"Forget? Of course I forget. Don't you know that a woman always forgets the things a man does for her? She only remembers the things he hasn't done."

It was very bad of me to treat him this way and

I have regretted it ever since. Because he was one of the kindest and most thoughtful men I have known and I really shouldn't have reproached him for refusing to humor my extravagant whims at a time when his business was not so good.

Saturday. Mr. Z. has gone. We made up before he went and he asked me to go back with him. But of course I shall not leave until the end of the season.

Perhaps I shall never return to New York except for a visit. After all I have only an apartment in New York and I have a magnificent home here.

I keep thinking of those farm women in Provence who do everything for themselves. After all they are women and I am a woman. Yet our lives are so different.

Sometimes I suspect that they are happier than I am.

I wonder if I ought to do anything about it.

But I would look very funny trying to make sausages with my own hands.

I'm sure I'd not be able to eat for weeks.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

I Become Myself Again

Friday. I really gave considerable thought to those farm women. Of course I didn't really intend to make sausages or anything like that, but there was something very calm and serene about them that was pleasant and I confess that for a little while I envied them.

But now I know that mostly that was just a bad Saturday night. That's what's wrong with Saturday nights if you're not doing anything. Saturday night was made for parties and if there isn't a party something inside you goes ga-ga and you get philosophical. I suppose I was really more depressed and lonesome over the careless way Mr. Z. had of going off to take care of his business than I had admitted to myself.

So I sat at home and brooded over sausages.

I even went so far Sunday as to start out driving

to see if I couldn't find some more of those cute farms. I didn't have any idea of what I would do if I did find them but I just wanted to find them. It was sort of fate, I guess that started me on that drive because what happened was just what I needed.

I met a new man—at least he seems new because I didn't remember having met him before and he is very interesting.

So I am not thinking about farms and sausages today.

He is a very distinguished Italian. He isn't a boy, but he's not really old, either. He says I met him once before at the Lido when Lord Northesk was there but we did not see much of each other.

He is tall, for an Italian, with broad shoulders, and is not a bit fat. His hair grays a little just at the temple, and he wears a monocle because one of his eyes was damaged during the war.

Most men look ridiculous wearing monocles but Carlo could never look ridiculous; he is always faultlessly dressed and has a military air about him.

Carlo is not a noble, which is really a recommendation to me considering some of the nobility I have met, but his mother is a marchesa by a second marriage. She is here with him, but the where-

abouts of the marchese seems somewhat of a mystery.

They live at the Grand Hotel in Monte Carlo, which is quite like a new hotel now with elevators and a new dining room and everything.

The Grand Hotel is very smart and only the best people go there. The rooms are named, not numbered.

Carlo has the suite that used to be reserved for King Edward VII when he was here, there are five rooms to that suite filled with the most beautiful furniture, and hangings.

I met Carlo in the most romantic way. I was driving Sunday, looking vaguely for one of those farms, and my chauffeur, who seemed a little impatient because I couldn't tell him just where to go, was hurrying. We had just reached the intersection in the lower town of Monaco, where the road turns before it goes up the hill past the postoffice, when another car came down the Monaco hill road, which is quite steep at that point, and crashed into our car. Perhaps I should not say "crashed" because there was only a small jar and hardly any damage, but of course a crowd collected and I was furious because I was in a bad humour anyway.

I'd been thinking too much and that's enough to make anyone grouchy.

Well, the driver of the other car was a Monagesque, so of course he was in the right although my chauffeur was going quite slowly at that point and had the right of way.

I tried to say something and tell the policeman it was not our fault but of course they did not understand me and only muttered something about "*ces riches américaines*" as they always do here if you happen to be in trouble.

It looked as if we would be blocked there indefinitely when another car stopped and Carlo got out and came directly over.

"Lady Northesk, I believe," he said.

I was astonished of course, but he was very handsome and seemed to want to help, so I said:

"I am Miss Joyce."

He was very apologetic.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been away for so long and I imagined I read that you had married Dav—Lord Northesk. Can I be of any assistance?"

"They want to arrest my chauffeur when it was not his fault and I am in a terrible hurry," I said.

So Carlo went over to the policeman at once and

said something to him in very quick French. You should have seen the attitude of the policeman change! At once he turned, and saluting, motioned my car on—and then turned back and I saw him begin to reprimand the other chauffeur!

The cars moved on so quickly I did not have a chance to thank my rescuer just then but I saw him later at the *apéritif* hour at the café de Paris, and he came over at once, lifting his hat.

"I hope the car was not badly damaged," he said. "I have made sure the other fellow will be punished for his stupidity."

"You must be very influential," I said.

"No—not at all. The Prince is a friend of mine, but that is not why that policeman listened to me. It is all in the way you talk to them," he answered.

"I should like to know the secret," I said. "What did you say to him?"

"I told him he was a dolt and an idiot and that he was to allow you to go immediately—pronto!"

"And you mean to say he took it?"

"Why—of course!" Carlo looked surprised.

"Well, if you talked that way to a New York policeman he would have landed on you with his club," I said, laughing.

He asked my permission and that of Bernard

Y—— whom I was with, to sit down, and taking a chair he said:

"That was a very stupid mistake of mine this morning. I hope you have forgiven me."

"He called me Lady Northesk," I explained to Bernard, laughing.

Bernard guffawed. "Really that's a good joke," he said. "David only just arrived here with his new wife from London."

"Let me understand," said Carlo, "I have been away in Africa on a hunting trip for six months, and much can happen in that time—especially with you American ladies. . *Were* you ever Lady Northesk?"

"Lord Northesk was never numbered among my husbands," I assured him, trying to keep from smiling as he was quite in earnest. He sighed with relief.

"Well, one never knows, you do things so quickly in your country. Now in mine, there can be no divorce."

"Good heavens," I said, "you don't mean to tell me that in Italy you have to stay married to the same person all your life?"

"Precisely," he said. "The Italian state, like the Italian church, does not recognize divorce."

"Good heavens!" I said. "I do not see how any Italian ever gets married if that is the case."

They both laughed and Bernard said:

"That would be no country for you, would it, Mademoiselle?"

"You seem to think I have been married a lot," I said. "After all I have only had four husbands."

Bernard asked to be excused and Carlo said:

"Would I be presuming if I asked the honor of your company to dinner this evening?"

Well, I was very pleased because I have been bored so much lately and really this Italian was a most agreeable gentleman, with very good manners and he seemed to know everybody.

But of course I never accept an invitation like that on such short notice, so I told him that I was engaged that evening and the next but would be delighted to dine with him another night. So we arranged it for Thursday, last night.

We went to the Sporting Club after dining in his suite at the Grand. His mother was there for dinner but went out immediately afterward. She was very gracious but appeared very nervous and jumpy.

"It's this damned roulette," said Carlo. "She loves to play—that is why we are here. She can

think of nothing else. For myself, I think it is a stupid game. I prefer *chemin de fer*."

"All gambling is stupid," I said. "They are always blaming women for ruining men's lives but gambling has ruined most of the men I know."

"You are quite right," said Carlo. "Chance is the most dangerous mistress of them all."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

But—He Breaks a Date

The Sporting Club was very gay and a lot of people I knew were there. Everyone seemed to know Carlo and like him and I heard a lot of whispers as we came in together. Some of the women looked furious.

Carlo played a little chimmy without much luck and then we sat in the bar and he told me he had thought about me a lot since meeting me at the Lido.

"I thought then and I think now that you are the loveliest woman in the world," he said.

"You do not seem to me the sort of man to pay silly compliments to women," I said. As a matter of fact I was a little disappointed because I had hoped he would be a little different from all the others.

"I don't as a rule," he answered.

We had some champagne and he said:

"Miss Joyce will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"Well, really!" I said, for I was quite astonished.

"Tomorrow night and the night after and the night after that," he said smiling.

"No," I said.

He looked abject and his monocle nearly fell out.

"You make me very sad. Have I offended you?" he asked.

"Of course you have not offended me," I said. "But don't you think you are a little too eager?"

"My admiration for you has turned my head," he said, "I apologise."

"Besides, if we are seen dining together every night people will talk."

He shrugged his shoulders—and nobody can shrug like the Italians.

"I should feel honored," he said.

"That was nicely said," I told him. "Now just for that I will tell you what we will do. You come to dinner at my villa tomorrow night."

Tomorrow night is tonight. He is coming at nine. I have had Armando ice some Lanson '06 and set the table in the conservatory, where we can look out over the ocean. There is a moon tonight, and in the

whole collection of moons in my memory I think this one is the nicest.

I am very excited.

Sausages indeed!

Who wants to be peaceful and serene when she is young and there is excitement to be had? Those women on the farms in Provence may be contented but they have never felt like this. And there's no sense trying to get the kind of happiness another person wants. If they want that sort of thing let them have it.

But they could never, if they tried a hundred years, know the way I feel tonight, waiting for Carlo.

Later. It was very lovely.

It is really very absurd to say that one can be really in love only once in one's life. I wouldn't go so far as to say that I am in love with Carlo, but I'm sure I will be the next time I see him.

He did not try to kiss me, but he took a rose from the table and kissed it and gave it to me.

"An embrace for you to wear while I am gone ——" he said.

Why can't men be like that? If only they knew

how much more effective it is than the usual sort of thing.

Carlo is like a sunny day in Chicago—something unexpected which comes when you need it most.

I wonder if the Italian divorce laws would apply to an American.

Tuesday. Carlo and I go everywhere together, and I even get up in the morning and play tennis with him. Of course he doesn't know what a compliment this is from me. He just takes it for granted. Men are like that.

I don't think I was ever in such good health and spirits before, the air here is glorious and it is the best time of the year—early winter.

Carlo has a Hispana and we make long trips together, to Venice and Arles and Grasse and over in funny little mountain villages on the Italian frontier, where they serve you thin red wine in stone pitchers and pastes baked with pork—most delicious.

I am learning to like other wines besides champagne now that Carlo is with me to explain the way they should be taken.

For instance he says red wine is best for table use

because it is not so high in alcohol and it is not so heavy, and he thinks champagne should never be served during dinner because it is only partly fermented and is bad for you when taken with food.

Carlo says sweet white wines like sauternes should only be drunk with oysters or dessert and not with meat as the Americans drink them.

Carlo likes claret with meat and burgundy with fowl or game, and he always has a long discussion with the waiter when we dine at a good restaurant. In some respects he is very like Henri Lettellier.

But he says that none of the French ordinary wines can equal the small Italian vintages that are not sold in bulk but can only be had in the districts where they are made. I have had some of this wine and I do not quite agree with him because the wine seemed too strong.

He does not say very much about himself in spite of the questions I ask him. He told me that he lives in Rome but that he has a house in Florence and one in Venice, and that he travels a good deal. He has been around the world several times and knows the west coast of the United States but not the East.

"What a wonderful country California would be if it belonged to Italy." he said once.

"Well anyone who goes to San Francisco or

Fresno would think it did," I said. "And anyway I do not think the Italians are such good citizens. They may be good lovers," I added, "though that has to be proved to me, but they are also very good bootleggers and in New York City they own all the speakeasies."

I thought that would make him mad, but he only laughed.

"Well, the Italians are also pretty good cooks and masons and farmers and painters and poets," he said.

"That is the best description of Italy I ever heard," I said.

I have tried to quarrel with him, but it is useless, he only jokes. He takes nothing seriously except wines and food—and perhaps me, although often I am not certain even of that.

He is very ardent, sometimes, but is always respectful. I am not sure that I like a lover to be too respectful. Respect is an armor that is hard to pierce.

He never speaks directly of love in our relation. Sometimes he seems a little afraid of me.

It makes me furious.

Once he spoke of marriage. It is a subject he avoids as a rule.

"Don't you think a man and woman should know each other thoroughly before they marry?" I said.

"No—or there would be no more marriages!" he answered.

He speaks in parables. It is hard to draw him out. Once I told him that I was sure he must have had many love affairs.

"Women are like roses—the more one picks them the more their thorns enter your flesh," he said.

Sometimes I think he loves me, but he never actually says so. He shows that he prefers my company to that of anyone, even that of his mother or his men friends. He will grow suddenly ardent and kiss me, but I cannot tell whether it is love that makes him do it or one of those gusts of passion to which all men are subject when they are with a woman, alone.

I would give anything to find out because I believe that I love him.

Wednesday. I *know* that I am in love. Madly.

Carlo is the only man I have ever met that I feel I could spend the rest of my life with.

Friday. I am to dine with him tonight. Something tells me that this is to be the big night.

I think I know what he is going to ask me.

There is a way he looks at me. . . .

Saturday. Carlo is gone. To Rome. He went last night.

Our engagement was for eight-thirty. At eight the Grand Hotel called up and asked for me. Of course I thought it was Carlo telephoning me.

"This is the manager of the Grand Hotel speaking, Mrs. Joyce," he said, "I am instructed by M. Carlo to tell you that he was called unexpectedly to Italy tonight and that he tried to telephone you to that effect, but could not reach you. He presents his profound apologies and will write as soon as he arrives in Rome."

Well I am furious that is what I call a hell of a note.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

C'est La Vie

Wednesday. Well of course it's over with Carlo and it hadn't really started. I suppose I ought to be terribly angry at him, but I'm not. For one thing things are different after a good night's sleep.

And for another—the longer you live the less you get angry with people and the more you see that they can't help much being the way they are.

Carlo has written me from Rome and says he is going to South America. And then he adds—

> When you are in Venice next August I hope you will remember us and call on us at the Palazzo. My mother and my wife would be so pleased to have you.

His mother and his wife. And I didn't even know he was married. I suppose the joke is on me. Now that I think back I remember that he kept talking about the impossibility of divorce in his country. He

said this the very first time we talked together. I suppose it was his subtle Italian way of being fair. He was probably trying to tell me all the time that he was married and would have to stay married.

It's no good being angry at him. I couldn't stay angry long even if I managed to work up a rage for awhile. After all about the best thing you can do about things that go wrong is what the French do, shrug your shoulders and say "C'est la vie." Or about things that go right for that matter. There isn't much you can do about it. Especially in matters of love.

Friday. Just a little while ago I was thinking enviously of those Provence farm women because Mr. Z. had left for America and I was lonesome and didn't know what was going to happen next.

And now I'm lonesome because Carlo has left, but I'm not thinking of a farm in Provence. After all you don't pull the same boner twice so soon.

Only I hope I don't have to spend tomorrow evening alone. I suppose I could invite some people in.

But if I did that and then someone invited me out, I couldn't go. And I'd much rather go out. After

all you know your own house and servants and the people you invite in for dinner Saturday night too well to find much romance in that.

I think I'll take a chance and not ask anyone in.

Saturday afternoon. I haven't been asked out yet. Still it's several hours before dark.

Sunday. Nothing happened. I wish I had asked some people to dinner last night. After all that's better than sitting at home alone sort of waiting for the telephone to ring.

There are some very nice convents on the Riviera where they take you in as a boarder and you can be quiet and rest.

I am really very tired.

And it's quite nice to go into a convent occasionally.

It would do me a lot of good.

Tuesday. After all, we're rather funny, aren't we? I've just read over the last few entries in my diary. On Friday I wrote that one didn't make the

same boner twice in a short time and laughed because a few weeks before I had been thinking about a farm in Provence. Of course I was sure that I wouldn't do that again.

And then another of those bad Saturday nights came along and I began thinking about a convent, which is really the same sort of thing when you come to think of it. It sounds funny but there's not so much difference between making sausages and walking about in silence and a nun's habit.

Either thing you do you're just trying to run away from things that hurt you. When everything goes fine and pleases you you want to dive into life and swim around and enjoy it and as soon as the water gets rough you want to get all dried off at once and run away to a convent or a farm in Provence.

Well, I'm not going to do either.

I would be a fish out of water.

I just read this much to my maid, because I have to talk to someone, and she said,

"A very pretty figure of speech, Madame. It all goes so swimmingly."

Of course I laughed, although it was a very stupid pun. But the longer you live the more you feel like laughing at people's jokes whether they are funny

or not. Because after all you might as well make people a little happy when you can.

I think that what would be more satisfying than either going into a convent or going to a farm in Provence would be to write a book—a fiction novel in which I could use some of the things I have learned about people. I think I will do that after this diary is published.

Friday. I have met a very nice boy.

I met him at Cannes and I'll not tell his name, because after all who knows what may happen? He is English and quite young. There is something very charming about him. He hasn't the overbearing assurance that most men have. I think that I shall like him very much.

Everything is changed and it's good to be alive. He has made me feel happier than I have felt for a long time.

After all that's one of the nice things about life. That no matter how many times you have been disappointed when something nice begins to happen you can have just as much fun expecting.

Perhaps that's childish, but if it is I don't want

ever to grow up. Maybe I'm kidding myself a little, but what of it? It's such fun.

I got up this morning wondering, "Will he call me? Won't he call me?"

That's the sort of thing that makes getting up in the morning worth while.

Saturday noon. He just called me and I am to be ready at seven.

Thank God I shall not have to think of farms and convents tonight.

Sunday. He was such a nice boy. But after all he was only a boy. I'm afraid I'm not going to fall in love with him. I suppose I shall just have to keep on waiting and watching until the right man comes along. But I hope that I won't have to wait too long—— I feel so depressed I think I will go home and see my mother.

THE END

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